



S★M
10

MOVIE CLASSIC

10
CENTS

SEP 19 1934
PERIODICAL DIVISION

OCTOBER



JANET GAYNOR

by
MARLAND
STONE

CENSORSHIP MEANS
GOODBYE TO GARBO
DIETRICH AND ME"...ANNA STEN

Cashmere Bouquet

NOW ONLY 10¢
—the FORMER 25¢ CAKE



THIS LOVELY SOAP.. SO FRAGRANT.. SO FINE..

This is the most important announcement that the House of Colgate has made in 127 years!

When you reflect that women, for generations, have gladly paid 25 cents a cake for this exquisite soap...

When you recall that Cashmere Bouquet has always stood for the finest and loveliest of all fine soaps... Then you will realize

how important this announcement really is.

Imagine! Now you can enjoy, as lavishly as you wish, the enchanting fragrance of this Aristocrat of Soaps... the flower-like perfume that women have adored for generations.

And you can give your complexion the matchless beauty care of a soap so marvelously pure that experts know it as the finest soap that *can* be made. You can use it daily for your bath. For today, at 10 cents a cake, Cashmere Bouquet actually costs you no

more than many soaps of ordinary quality.

And it is *exactly* the same superb soap your grandmother knew years ago. The same size cake. The same fragrance and creamy purity. The same hard-milled, long-lasting quality that only the costliest of soaps possess.

Truly, you will agree, fragrant Cashmere Bouquet is the Aristocrat of Fine Soaps.

Surely you will want to buy at least three cakes, now that three cost only slightly more than the former price of one. Why not get them — today?

Isn't It A Shame!

SHE'S TERRIBLY IMPORTANT AT THE BANK!—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



Helen's eyes are brilliant—and her hair lies in soft, natural waves. She's charming to look at, and invaluable at the bank. But—there's a "but" about Helen.



And Helen's contract is so marvelous that she could go into tournaments if she didn't work in a bank! But—the "but" about Helen gives her many a bad moment.



Men like Helen—they like to play bridge with her. But they don't like to dance with her—and they never propose. For the "but" about Helen is her teeth!



When Helen touches up her pretty lips with lipstick—can't she see that her teeth look dreadful? They're dingy. "Pink tooth brush" could easily be the cause of that!



Helen's dentist would soon explain that tender, bleeding gums need massage with Ipana. With Ipana and daily massage—her gums would soon improve.



Once Helen's teeth were bright and attractive again—there'd be plenty of young men asking her out to dinner and to dance! Romance would come running her way!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

IF YOU—like Helen—have allowed your teeth to become dingy and ugly because you have allowed "pink tooth brush" to go on and on—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste.

Clean your teeth twice a day with Ipana. It is a splendid modern tooth paste which cleans not only the surfaces of the teeth—but deep into every tiny crevice. It really *cleans* your teeth. Then—because Ipana

contains *ziratol*, which aids in stimulating and toning tender gums—massage a little *extra Ipana* directly into your gums.

Today's foods are neither crunchy nor coarse enough to exercise your gums properly. That is why gums today tend to become flabby and

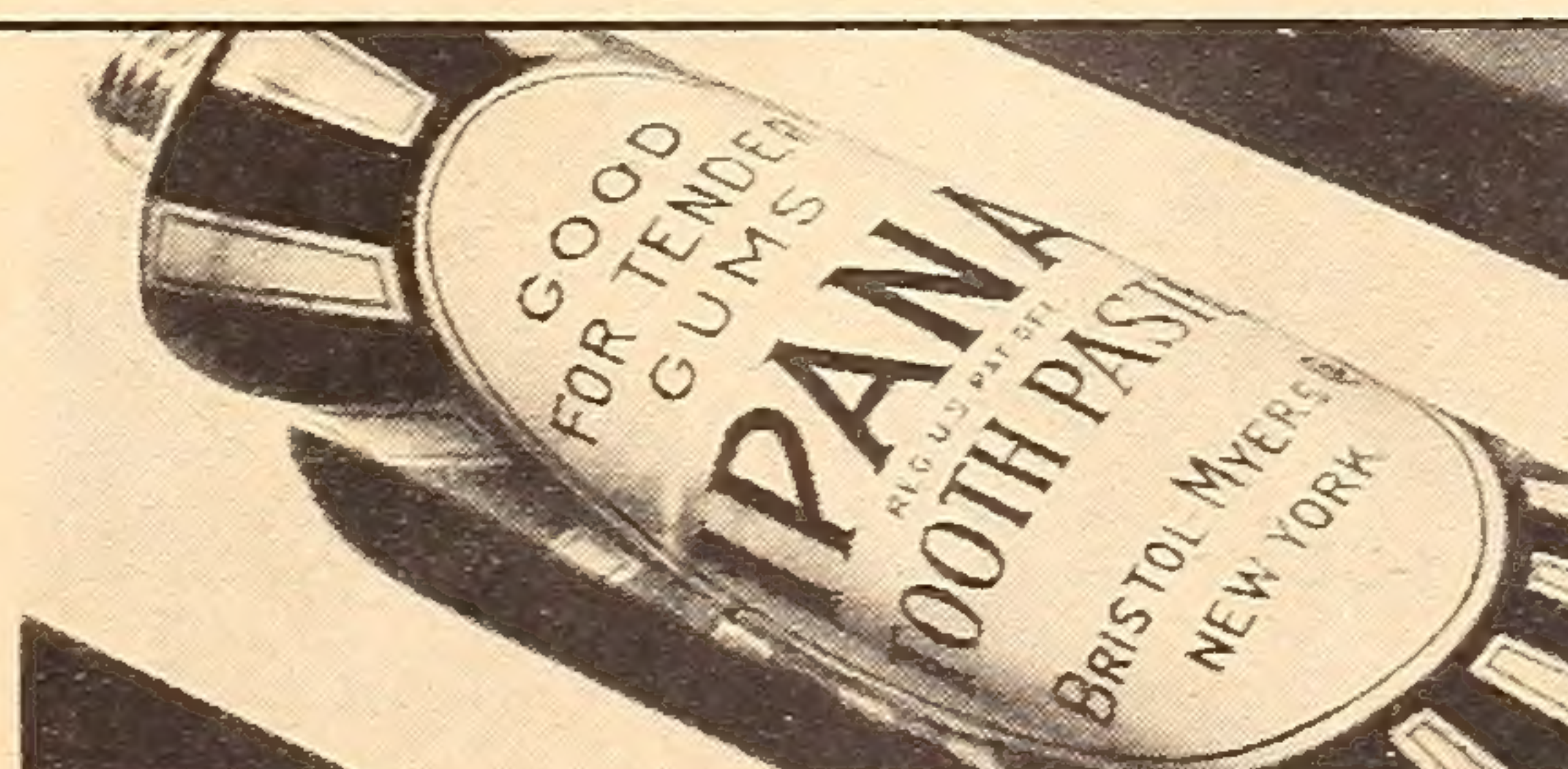
tender—and to leave a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush. "Pink tooth brush" may be the first step

toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It not only may *dull* your teeth—but may *endanger* your teeth.

But with Ipana and massage, the dangers from "pink tooth brush" are minimized—and your teeth shine out when you talk and smile!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

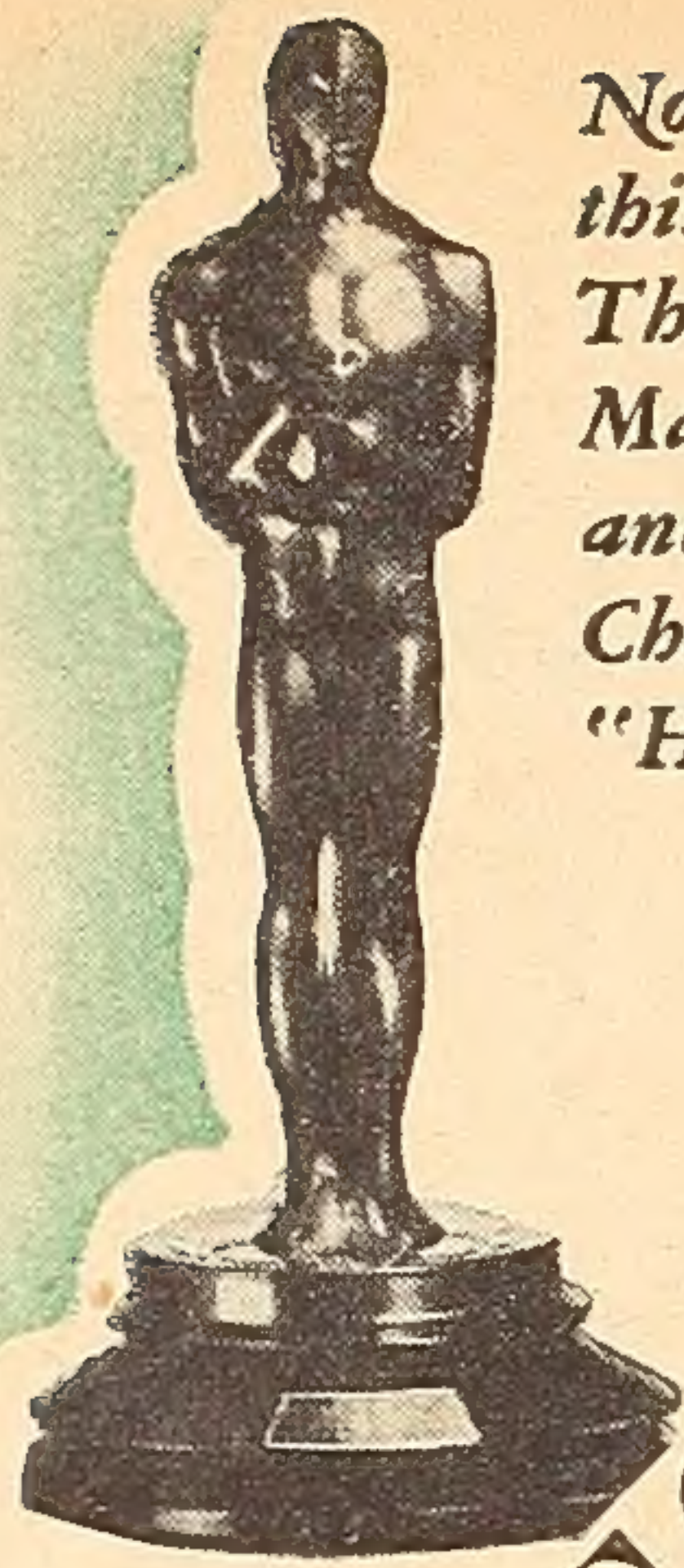
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



VISIT

"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934.



Norma Shearer won
this award for "Smilin'
Through", Fredric
March for "Dr. Jekyll
and Mr. Hyde"...
Chas. Laughton for
"Henry the Eighth".

THREE "BEST" STARS IN A STAR PICTURE



NORMA SHEARER

FREDRIC MARCH

CHARLES LAUGHTON

Romance...tuned to the beat of your heart...as three winners of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences "Best Performance" awards...are teamed in a romance greater than "Smilin' Through." As a stage play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" scored a three year triumph. As a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presentation it brilliantly dominates the 1934 cinema scene!

in *The* BARRETTS of WIMPOLE STREET

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

with
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
KATHARINE ALEXANDER
From the play by Rudolph Besier
Directed by Sidney Franklin

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

VOL. 7, No. 2

OCTOBER, 1934



ANNA STEN Speaks Out about Censorship!

Anna Sten is the first star courageous enough to tell what she thinks of the present agitation against films. She is the first star courageous enough to admit that she may have to say goodbye to films if censorship comes.

She has no sympathy with indecent pictures. But she does want to make pictures in which she can mirror life, can be a woman of many emotions, can give a many-sided art to the screen. And censorship, she says, would kill both art and reality in films.

She is intensely sincere. She rates a hearing, whether you agree with her or not. Don't miss what she says, a few pages further on—in her first full-length interview in America!

FEATURE ARTICLES

Janet Gaynor Denies Ten Rumors	Mark Dowling	27
"Censorship Means Goodbye to Garbo, Dietrich and Me"—Anna Sten ..	Sonia Lee	28
The 10-Minute Egg Club of Hollywood	Harry T. Brundidge	30
Is Hollywood Overworking Shirley Temple?	Fred Morgan	32
George Brent Is On His Own Now—And Likes It	Franc Dillon	33
Tarzan, Mate Battle for Fun, Not Divorce	Ann Slater	37
Anita Page, Newly Wed, Can't Live with Hubby	Maude Lathem	38
Star Who Coined "Trial Separation" Now Weds in Earnest	Eric L. Ergenbright	39
Bing Can't Retire Now—It's Twins	Joan Standish	40
One Fairbanks Returns; the Other Stays Abroad	Dorothy Donnell	41
Three Movie Couples Make Pact to Stick Together in Trouble	Sonia Lee	42
"Miss Marie" ... A Story Never Told Till Now	John Sherman	44
"My Marriage with John Gilbert Was Not a Failure"—Virginia Bruce	Maude Lathem	46
"I'm Going to Sandpaper Jimmy Cagney's Neck!"—Says Jimmy Cagney	to Katharine Hartley	47
"Baby"—The Real Jean Harlow of Whom You've Never Heard	Jack Grant	49
"I've Been So Naughty!"—Jean Parker	Mark Dowling	51
"There's No Romance Between Garbo and Me"—Carl Brisson	Grant Jackson	52

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Constance Bennett	19	Leslie Howard	25
Tullio Carminati	20	Kay Francis	25
Bruce Cabot	20	Carole Lombard	26
Gloria Stuart	21	Anna Neagle	43
Scenes from "The Merry Widow"	22	Nils Asther—Pat Paterson; Brian Aherne—Ann Harding	48
Helen Twelvetrees	24	Ruby Keeler—Dick Powell	50

MOVIE CLASSIC'S DEPARTMENTS

Intimate Hollywood Gossip	Jack Grant	6
Cocktail Recipes of the Stars		10
For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over	L. Roy Russell	12
These Movies	Larry Reid	34

COVER DRAWING OF JANET GAYNOR BY MARLAND STONE

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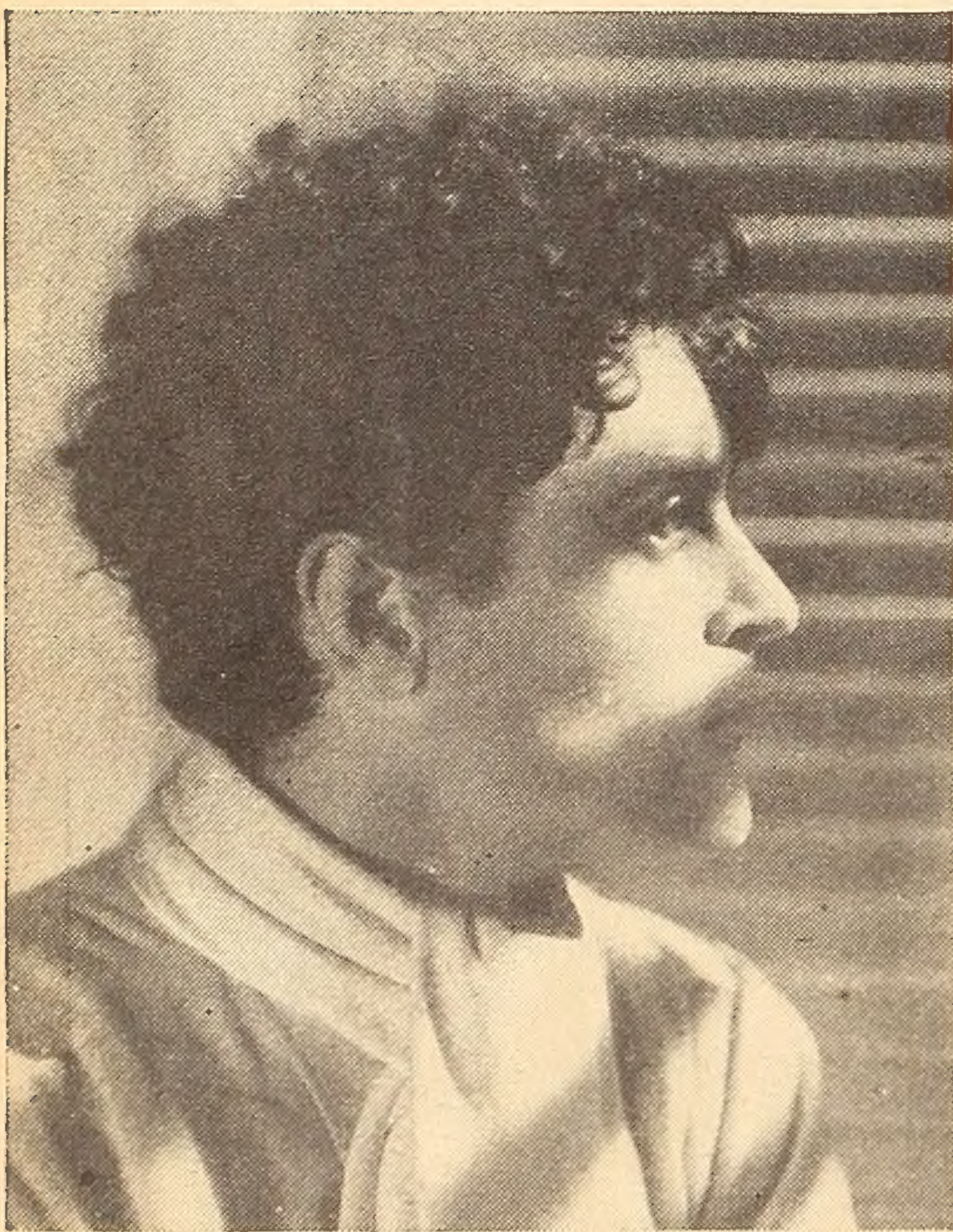
LAURENCE REID, Editor

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THE TRUTH ABOUT FRANCIS LEDERER'S "ROMANCES"

AND OTHER INTIMATE HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

By JACK GRANT



Bachrach

Says Francis Lederer of himself: "It is absurd—this talk of romance. I have no time for romantic thoughts now"



Bachrach

Says Lederer of his protégée, Steffi Duna (above): "If she had not been talented, I should never have recommended her"

ACTING so much love for the screen, Hollywood frequently confuses what has been written and rehearsed and played before the cameras with what is actually felt and lived. That is the reason why the movie town is so insistent that Francis Lederer and Steffi Duna are in love. They would be in a motion picture, so they *must* be in private life. But the real circumstances of the Lederer-Duna alliance make a much more unusual story than most romantic tales.

Francis first saw Steffi dancing in a Berlin cabaret. He was with a party of friends, but he returned alone to watch her dance a second time. They did not meet. . . . More than a year later, Lederer was cast to play the rôle in "Wunder Bar" that won him international acclaim abroad. A dancer was needed to fill another part. He went to the producers and said, "I know of an extraordinarily fine dancer. She is a Hungarian girl named Steffi Duna. If she can be located, she would be a sensation."

She was located and she proved to

be all that Francis claimed her to be. After playing "Wunder Bar" for many months, Lederer went to London for the English production; Steffi remained in Germany. In the British capital, he met Noel Coward, the playwright, and they became fast friends. One day Coward spoke of the trouble he was having in finding a girl with beautiful hands for the lead in one of his new shows.

"I know of just the girl," said Francis. "Her hands are exquisite. Let me tell you about her."

When he had finished, Coward said, "If this Steffi Duna is only half as good as you say she is, I'll send for her."

She was sent for and again she justified her sponsor. Her work in the Coward show made her the toast of London. Then Lederer crossed the Atlantic to become Broadway's greatest matinée idol since John Barrymore. Steffi Duna remained in London. But not for long. Francis had another opportunity to recommend her. As a result of his recommendation, a partner of an American producer went to London to see her

and signed her to come to New York.

The next step was Hollywood. Lederer, with an RKO-Radio contract in his pocket, and Steffi Duna, with tests that Fox studios had made of her, arrived within the same week. The deal with Fox did not go through, so when Francis began his first picture with RKO, he suggested that Steffi be tested for the part of his Eskimo wife in "Man of Two Worlds." Steffi was tested and, as had happened in each instance previously, won the rôle.

About this time, Frederick Hollander, noted German impresario, made his way to Hollywood. Hollander had long been identified with intimate musical revues, known in Germany as the Tingel-Tangel Theatres, and planned to open a Tingel-Tangel here. He went to see his old friend, Lederer, for recommendations in casting the revue. And whom did Francis recommend? You're right the first time.

After Hollander's show opened, everyone went around asking, "Have
(Continued on page 8)



Glenda Farrell is back at work after convalescing in the East. While in New York her appendix acted up and the surgeon rushed to the rescue

• **Coming events cast their shadows before**



You will soon be seeing MAE WEST in her new picture, "BELLE OF THE NINETIES," with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, John Miljan, Katherine DeMille and Duke Ellington's Orchestra. Directed by Leo McCarey. A Paramount Picture

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(Continued from page 6)

you seen Steffi Duna in the Tingel-Tangel? She is sensational." Again, Steffi had made good. The motion picture studios were not slow in offering contracts. Steffi had the refusal of several before she signed with RKO. It might be noted, however, that Lederer had nothing to do with Steffi Duna's present movie job. She has just made a spectacular appearance in the short, "La Cucaracha."

"If she had not been talented," says Francis, "I should never have recommended her. I would not recommend anyone in whom I did not believe—not even my own brother. It may seem a bit strange to you that I have taken such an interest in Steffi. I assure you it is not at all strange, according to the way things are done on the Continent. Over there we do not have the petty jealousies that concern actors here. We try to help one another. We give praise where praise is due—wholeheartedly. I have been discovered so many times, myself, that I always try to help others as I was helped."

"But it is absurd—this talk of romance. Only people with much leisure have time for thoughts of love. When I was a young boy, I thought about it a good deal. I have no time for romantic thoughts now. There is so much to be accomplished—my movement for world peace, my career in motion pictures and the theatre, the many other things that interest me. There is so much to do and so little time in which to do it."



Tunbridge, London

Maybe the gown bears the label of Lucien Lelong, Parisian designer, and maybe it doesn't. The lady, however, bears his name; she's Mrs. Lucien Lelong. And you'll see her in Douglas Fairbanks' "Private Life of Doan Juan"



Tunbridge, London

Merle Oberon, England's most promising new star, is headed for Hollywood. For one thing, she's about to marry Joseph Schenck, Norma Talmadge's Ex

I have no leisure at all for romance.

"Miss Joan Crawford I have seen exactly five times since coming to Hollywood. Really, it has been only five times. Yet romantic people are always linking our names together. Naturally, I am flattered, but I assure you it is not so what they say. Hollywood, I find most confusing."

Hollywood Heat Wave

THAT heat wave that swept the East finally hit California. The local newspapers, of course, refused to admit an excessive hot spell and the worst that was said in weather predictions was the familiar "fair and continued warmer."

Yet at Universal City in the San Fernando valley, the studio thermometers hovered around 120 all day. Add to this the normal heat of the huge artificial arc lights and you

have a temperature that would put a roaring furnace to shame.

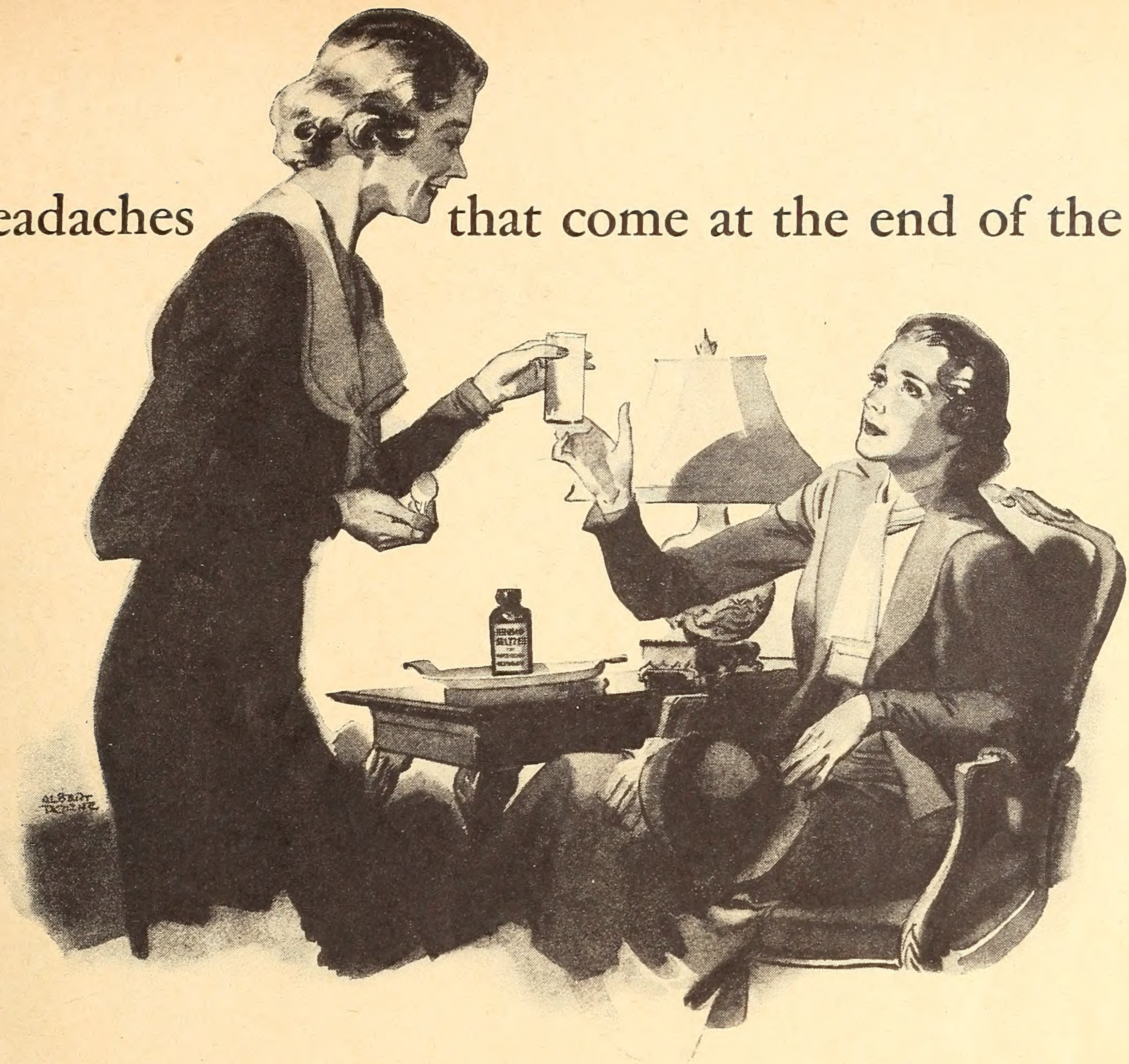
Five companies working at Universal were forced to suspend day schedules and shift to night hours. Claudette Colbert, Edmund Lowe, Gloria Stuart, Alice White, Neil Hamilton, June Knight and Russ Columbo were among the stars affected.

In Memoriam

DID you hear the memorial that Ann Harding read for Marie Dressler a few hours after Marie passed on? It was broadcast nationally over a radio program that originates in the film city. Ann paid Marie a short and dignified tribute and closed with a reading of the Twenty-third Psalm. So beautifully did she deliver it that many in the

(Continued on page 11)

Headaches that come at the end of the day



YOU COME HOME tired and depressed. Your head aches with dull pain. Your alkaline reserve may be low. Then you take a Bromo-Seltzer and before you know it, you feel like a different person. You feel more relaxed and have a better appetite for dinner.

Here's what happens. As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why it so promptly relieves gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the pain. Your headache stops—your head clears. At the same time, you are gently steadied. And all the while the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed as alkali by the bloodstream. Your alkaline reserve is

made more normal. In a short time you will experience marked relief.

The balanced relief

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced* preparation of 5 medicinal ingredients... each of which has a special purpose. No mere pain-killer can equal its effectiveness. And it works faster, too, because you take it as a liquid.

For over 40 years Bromo-Seltzer has been a stand-by to relieve headaches. Prompt and reliable, it contains no narcotics, and doesn't upset the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda-fountain. Or mix one quickly and easily at home. Keep a bottle in your

medicine cabinet ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia, "morning-after," and pain of nerve origin. Always look for the full name "Bromo-Seltzer." Imitations are *not* the same balanced preparation... are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control that safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. The Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should, of course, consult your physician.



BROMO-SELTZER


Quick

Pleasant

Reliable



"AT HOME"
AT THE Savoy Plaza

 Even a casual visit to the Savoy-Plaza brings you face to face with your ideal of living in New York. Gourmets praise the cuisine... the service. From its windows a living mural of sheer beauty... Central Park. A design for living in New York. Suites of various sizes exquisitely conceived as in a private residence. Most reasonable rentals for monthly or longer stays. Single Rooms from \$5. Double Rooms from \$7. Suites from \$10.

Henry A. Rost, Managing Director
George Suter, Resident Manager

SAVOY=PLAZA

FIFTH AVENUE
58th to 59th STREETS
NEW YORK CITY

COCKTAIL RECIPES *of the Stars!*

And now, as our radio announcers so tersely phrase it, for some more favorite cocktail recipes. Grace Moore suggests a Daiquiri (pronounced Dyke-a-ree)

Fill cocktail shaker two-thirds full of ice
Three-fourths London dry gin
One-fourth Daiquiri
Juice of one fresh lime
(or lacking limes, use)
One-half lemon to each drink
Shake until shaker is well frosted and serve

Like many other famous cocktails, the Jack Rose has several different recipes. Try it the Walter Connolly way.

Shaker half-filled with ice
One-sixth lime juice
One-sixth orange juice
One-sixth French vermouth
One-sixth dry gin
One-third applejack
Two or three dashes of Grenadine to color
Shake well and strain

This one is called "Holt Everything" possibly in honor of Jack Holt.

Shaker half-filled with ice
One-quarter rye
One-quarter dry gin
One-quarter lemon juice
One-quarter orange juice
One egg
Two teaspoonfuls apricot brandy
Shake well and serve

Angostura bitters are a principal ingredient of most of the cocktails Ralph Morgan serves. And why not? The Morgans own Angostura. Club Cocktail:
Use a large bar glass well filled with shaved ice

Two dashes of Angostura
Two dashes of Maraschino
One wine glass of brandy. Stir and strain into cocktail glasses

(dressed with berries)
Dash with champagne and twist lemon peel over the drink

The Trilby from Ralph Morgan's recipes is equally well known.

Use a large bar glass filled with shaved ice
Two dashes Angostura
Two dashes absinthe

Two dashes Parfait d'Amour
One-half wine glass Scotch whiskey
One-half wine glass Italian vermouth
Stir and strain into cocktail glasses
Squeeze lemon peel on top and serve with cherry in the glass

Try the Fou Fou from Muriel Kirkland's bartender's guide.

Use old-fashioned glass
Dissolve a cube of sugar in a dash of soda water

Add two sprigs of fresh mint
Mash mint lightly
One cocktail glass London dry gin
One piece of ice
Fill glass with soda water
Stir well and serve

Ann Sothern is partial to the good old Alexander Cocktail for her parties. It must be well frapped with the following ingredients:

One-fourth Creme de Cocoa
One-fourth dry gin
One-half sweet cream
Powdered sugar and shaved ice



Mary Boland seated at the bar of her Beverly Hills home. The decorating scheme was carried out in blue and silver

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(Continued from page 8)

picture studio were openly crying.

Ann wrote the speech, herself, and the Psalm was read directly from the Bible. Another evidence of the best of taste was that Ann went to the broadcasting room attired in deep black. These are little refinements of which only an Ann Harding would think, for no one except a few radio people saw her. I thought you would like to know about it, however.

Justifying Stars' Salaries

LONG-AWAITED, the report of Sol A. Rosenblatt, NRA Administrator, upon the so-called "ex-



Ball

Cecilia Parker grew up with the dream of some day meeting Greta Garbo. Now she is Greta's sister in "The Painted Veil"

cessive star salaries" has at last been made public. And much to everyone's surprise, the Motion Picture NRA Code authority recommended suspension of any provisions giving the government supervision of salaries. Rosenblatt's report ran one hundred and thirty-three pages, a lot of wordage to say what Hollywood has always known—stars are not "excessively overpaid."

The report declared that no salary is too high if the picture meets with unusual favor as a result of unique artistry. The worth of a star should be gaged by what the public is willing to pay to see him. A recommendation of a percentage compensation was made.

Rosenblatt's survey showed that only sixty-two persons in the motion picture industry received compensations in excess of \$100,000 during the past year. The highest-paid was a star, unnamed in the report, who

(Continued on page 14)

Think of TOMORROW when you take that laxative TODAY!

It's easy enough to take a laxative that "works"! But what of tomorrow? What of the harm that might be done to the intestines? What of the danger of forming a habit?

Violent laxatives are bad for you. They shock your system—you feel weak—your day is marked by embarrassing moments. And worst of all—you may find yourself more constipated than ever. For the frequent use of "purging" cathartics often encourages chronic constipation—they may form a habit.

EX-LAX—the laxative that does not form a habit

There is a laxative that avoids these bad features. Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, acts so easily and so gently that you scarcely know you have taken anything. You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Ex-Lax is gentle—yet it is thoroughly effective. It works over-night without over-action.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate taste. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it to be thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At any drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes.

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

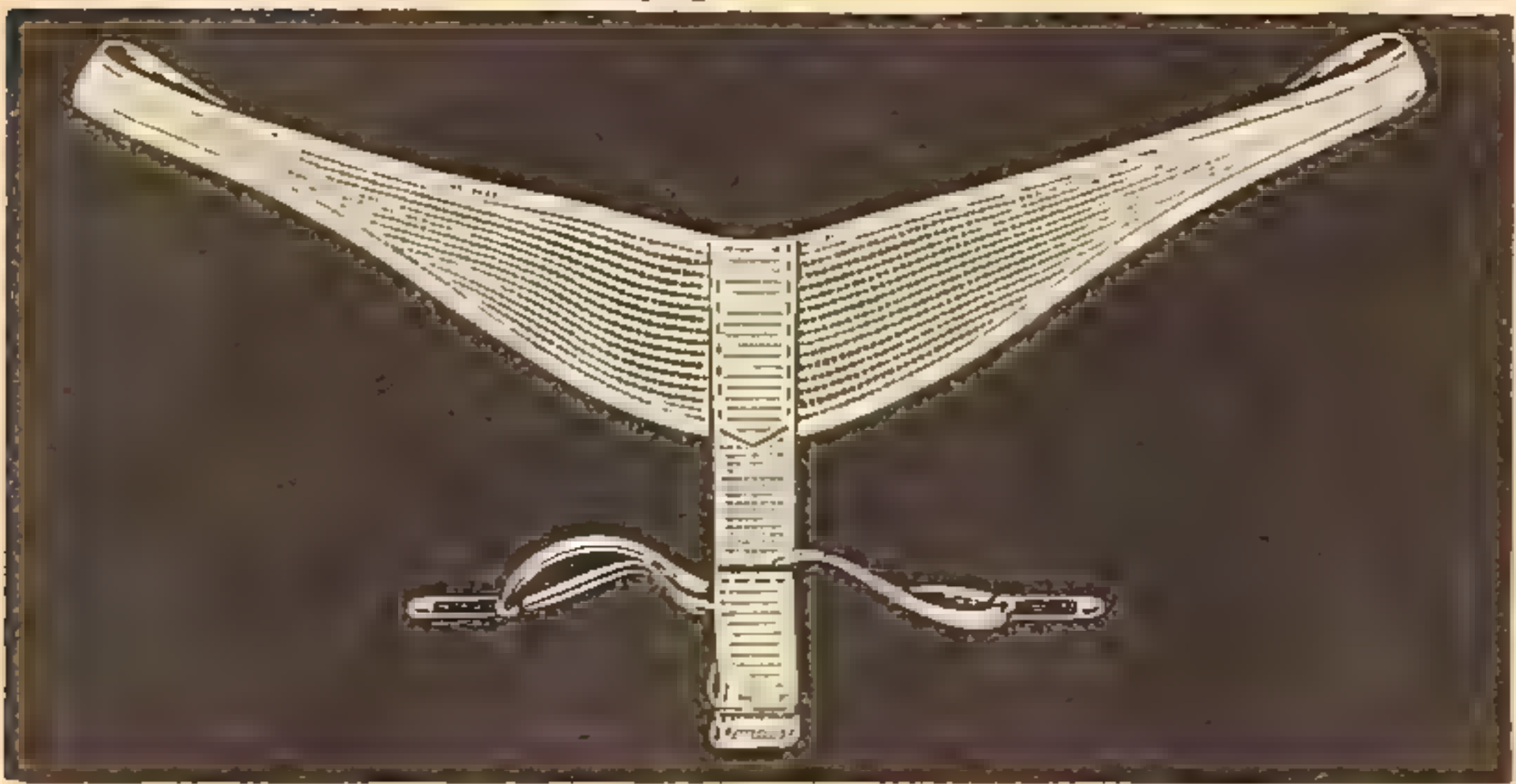


Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

WELCOME AIDS FOR Difficult DAYS

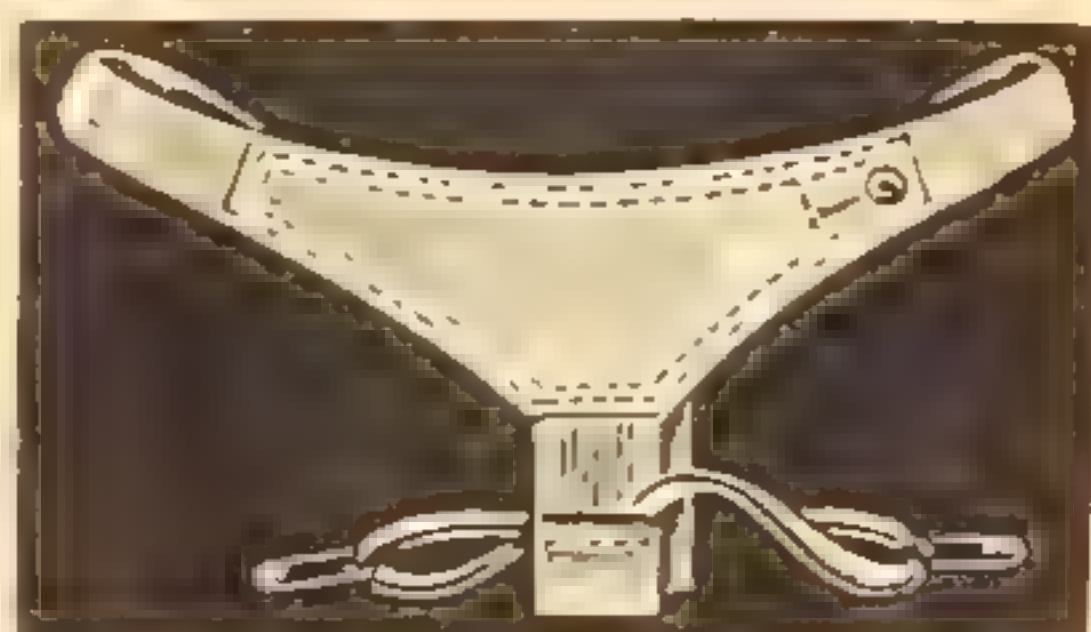


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By a patented process Silhouette Sanitary Belt by Hickory is permanently woven to shape on the loom to make it conform perfectly to the figure. Silhouette cannot bind, curl, irritate or slip. You'll find it delightfully soft, lightweight, comfortable and dainty, yet dependably secure. Its easy-stretch, fine quality Lastex wears and wears. Can be boiled, washed and ironed.....65c

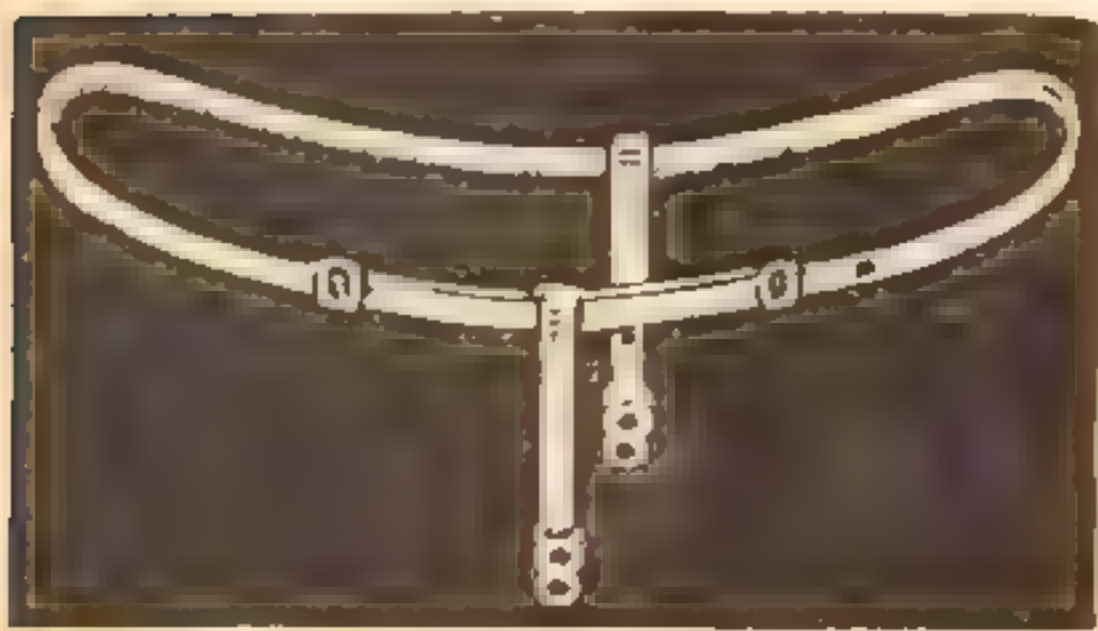
STYLE 1387
(at right)

A popular Hickory Shield Button Style—combination satin and boilproof Lastex. 50c.



STYLE 1318
(at left)

The Hickory Petite—adjustable—narrow boilproof Lastex; Pyralin clasps, no pins—perfectly secure. 35c.



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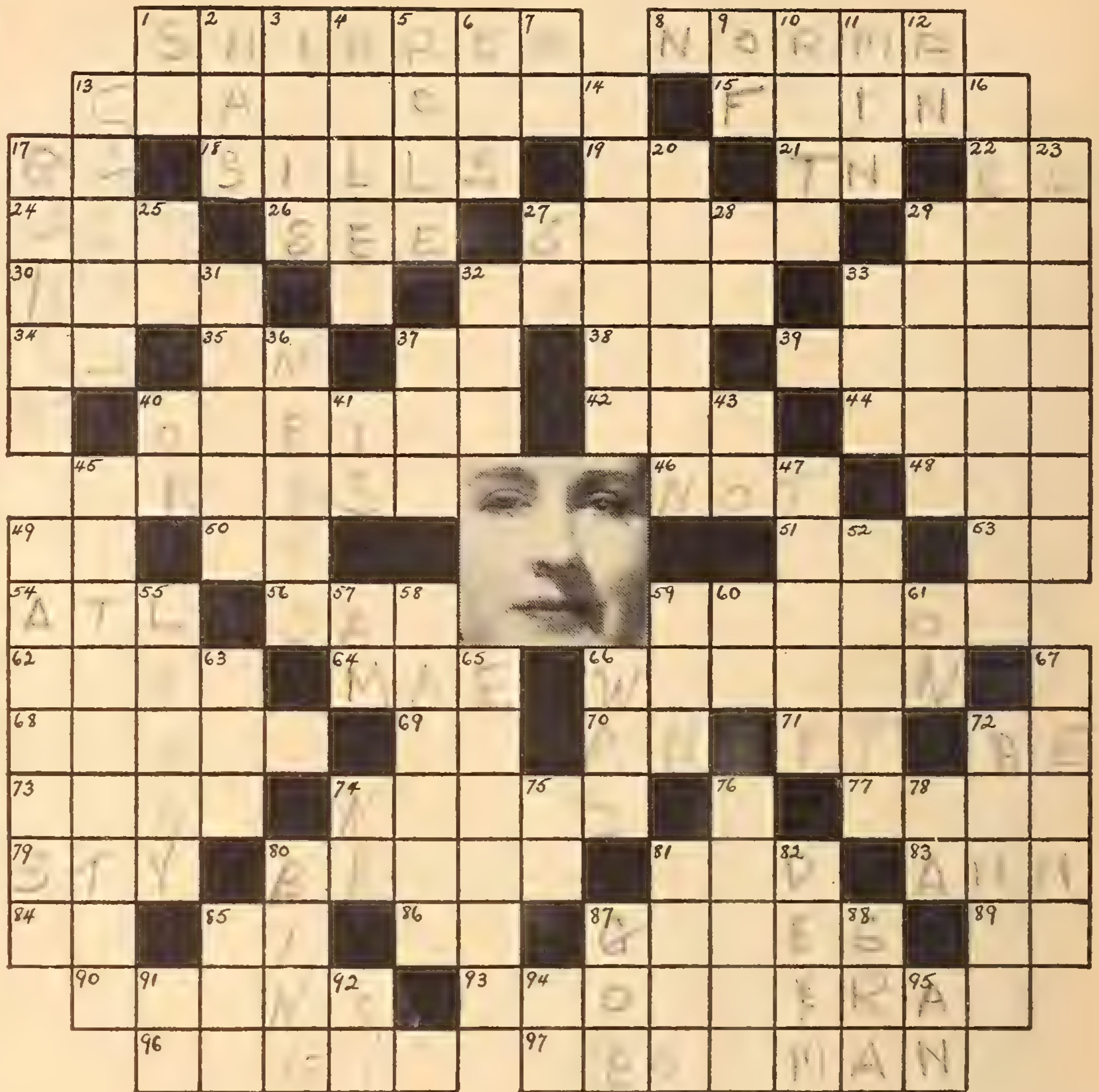
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For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over By L. ROY RUSSELL

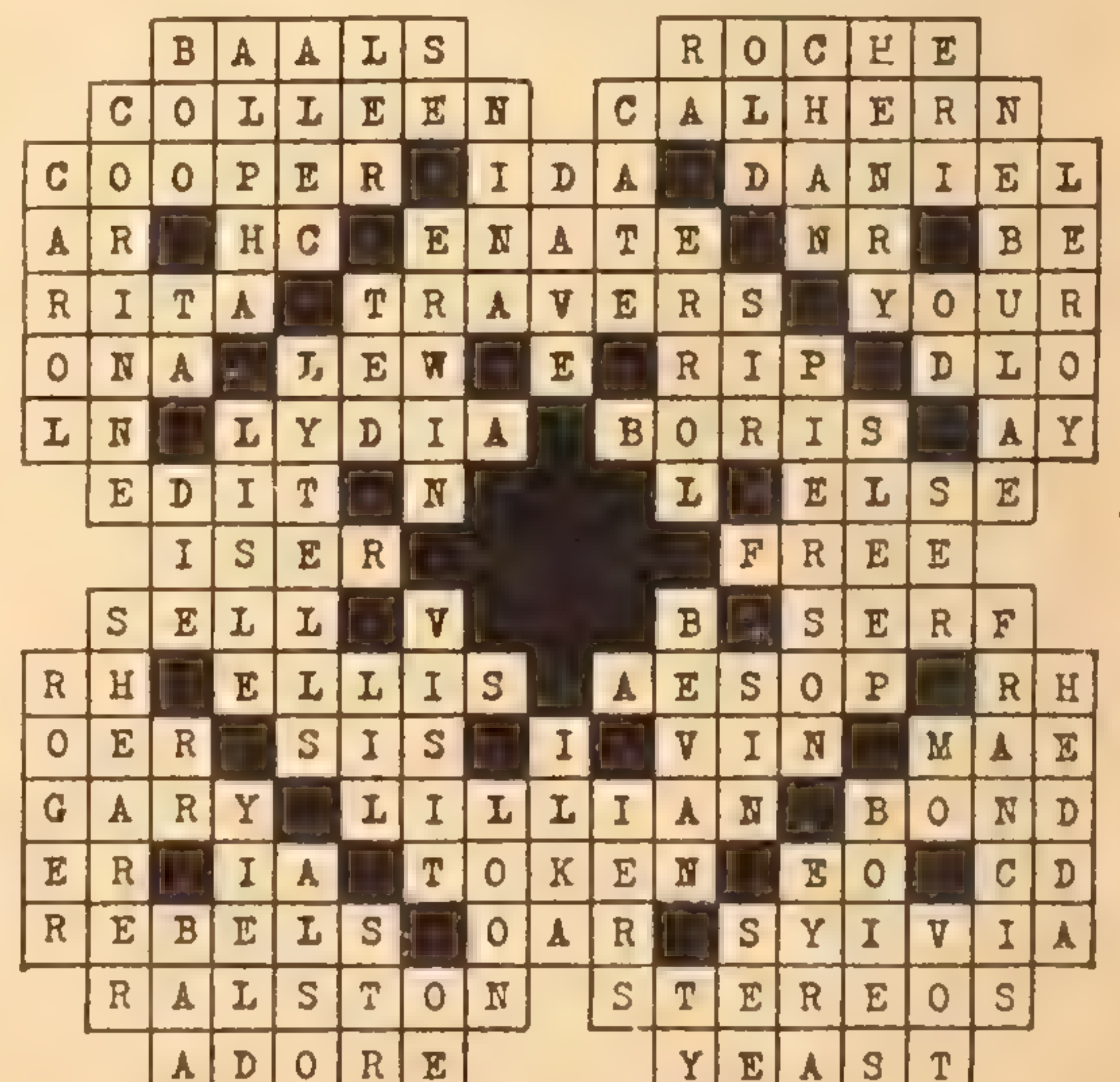


HORIZONTAL

- Last name of the star in the center
- First name of the star in the center
- Celestine in "Dancing Man"
- Demolishes
- Ben Lyon's home state (abbr.)
- Late husband of Doris Kenyon
- Johnny in "Viva Villa" (init.)
- Theodore's initials
- First name of a pop-eyed comedian short-nosed
- "We Civilized?"
- Third letter of the alphabet
- The Songbird of the South
- First name of a band leader
- Carlotta in "Affairs of a Gentleman"
- The first name is Ezell
- Author of "Carnival Boat"
- Max Pascal in "Kiss and Make Up" (init.)
- Esther's initials
- Mrs. Bruce Cabot's initials
- Point of the compass
- His first name is Paul
- Stephen in "Personality Kid"
- Sally in "Of Human Bondage"
- Greek letter
- His last name is Wood
- "We're — Dressing"
- Rest
- Sylvia in "Strictly Dynamite" (init.)
- Symbol for Yttrium
- Suffix
- Alan's initials
- Atlantic (abbr.)
- Otto Kruger's role in "Paris Interlude"
- Joe and Buzz have this last name
- Last name of a director
- She made Diamond Lil famous
- Caesar in "Cleopatra"
- Author of "Sitting Pretty" (poss.)
- Thelma in "The Whirlpool" (init.)
- "— American Tragedy"
- Period of time (abbr.)
- "Born to — Bad"
- A serif
- Jerry Clement in "Cross Streets"
- Author of "Design for Living"
- Pen
- "The Big —"
- Jackie Cooper is a little —
- Mrs. Leslie Fenton —
- Dvorak
- Initials of a member of a popular comedy team
- Some pioneer movies were made on this island (abbr.)
- "— More Women"
- T. R. Paige, Jr. in "The Girl from Missouri" (poss.)
- He played the role of The Barbarian in the picture of that name (init.)
- Julie in "Paris Interlude"
- Author of "Vanity Fair"
- "— Appleby, Maker of Men"
- Her first name is Henrietta

- "— This Is Africa"
- Symbol for Tellurium
- Larry Wilson in "She Learned About Sailors"
- Paul Drexel in "Dancing Man"
- "My —, the King"
- His first name is Christian
- Encounters
- Alto (Music)
- "California — Bust"
- "This Man — Mine"
- Author of "Strange Interlude" (init.)
- A movie actress who committed suicide
- Pat O'Brien's role in "I've Got Your Number"
- "Manhattan —"
- Strict
- His first movie was "Melody in Spring"
- "I — Suzanne"
- Elnora Comstock in "The Girl of the Limberlost"
- The clean-up crusade will — all indecent films
- Roscoe's initials
- "The World Moves —"
- No (Scot.)
- His first name is Robert
- "I — A Spy"
- Virginia in "Now I'll Tell"
- The Baron in "Cockeyed Cavaliers"
- Near (abbr.)
- Nugent's initials
- His first name is Leslie
- "Murder — the Blackboard"
- The proud father of twins
- The way Jimmy Durante acts in pictures (coll.)
- Consider
- Loiter
- Cagney plays a — in "Here Comes the Navy"
- Special Revenue Administrator (init.)
- Home State of Richard Arlen (abbr.)
- Yes; in Lupe's native tongue
- Robert in "A Lost Lady" (init.)
- "— Old Sweetheart of Mine"

Solution to Last Month's Puzzle



VERTICAL

- Bogey in "I Give My Love" (init.)
- Clara Bow — red hair
- Paul Jr. at 21 in "I Give My Love"
- Betty McGonigle in "The Old Fashioned Way"
- A player's part in a picture
- Plural suffix
- Smiley in "Murder on the Blackboard" (init.)
- "For Love — Money"
- Dixie Bell in "Wild Gold"
- The late Marie Dressler's most famous character portrayal
- Article
- Ex-Mrs. Nick Stuart
- Mrs. Laurence Olivier
- She is Mrs. Bill Boyd
- Dr. Ferguson in "Men in White"
- Her last name is Percy
- Having teeth
- He directed "Strictly Dynamite" (init.)

**Two Great Warner Bros. Stars Bring You
the Screen Version of the Best-Seller that
Rocked the Chancelleries of Europe**

The story of one man
against a million—and of the
woman who loved him, yet
was his enemy to the death.
Told by the man who lived
this astounding romance.



LESLIE
HOWARD

KAY
FRANCIS

APPEAR TOGETHER FOR
THE FIRST TIME IN

**"BRITISH
AGENT"**

With William Gargan in Cast of
Hundreds • By H. Bruce Lockhart
Directed by Michael Curtiz
*** A First National Picture ***

Intimate Hollywood Gossip



Hurrell

Janet Beecher goes Jean Harlow one better; she is a "sapphire blonde." You and George Arliss will both look her over in "The Last Gentleman"

(Continued from page 11)
received \$315,000. The second highest-paid received \$296,250. This latter had a publicized salary of \$10,000 a week, which means that he or she was falsely publicized or worked only thirty weeks of the year.

And that brings rise to the real question about this whole salary business. Have stars been overpaid or over-publicized? High salaries do look so well in print.

Lupe and Johnny—Continued

SO Lupe Velez decided to take up Johnny Weissmuller's option before the end of his year. After one of their regular quarrels, Loop rushed to court to file divorce papers. They were through. Finally. Positively. Nothing else but.

The following day, Loop announced that their separation was in the nature of a probation period. If Johnny was a good boy, she would take him back by Christmas or New Year's. But when the divorce case came to trial, Lupe was not there to testify. She had apparently decided to take up his option immediately. (See detailed story on page 37.—Editor.)

(To Be Continued Next Month)

Movie Christenings

DID you know that Greta Garbo (*née* Gustafsson) nearly had her name changed again when she first came to Hollywood? Producers feared the onslaughts of wisecrackers. There was a prize contest at the studio for a new name, but as no

really fitting one was suggested, it was decided to take a chance with "Garbo."

Joan Crawford was a name that did come from a contest, the prize being awarded to a Mrs. Louise M. Antisdale of Albany, N. Y. But Lucille Le Sueur was Joan Arden before she became Joan Crawford. Arden was selected and Joan wore it for a few days until it was discovered that several people had submitted Arden. So Mrs. Antisdale's Crawford was substituted.

What brought rise to this bit of reminiscing was the recent change of the name of Dawn O'Day, former child actress, to Anne Shirley, the character she will portray in RKO's "Anne of Green Gables."



Tunbridge, London

This portrait of Douglas Fairbanks arrived in America just before he did. (See story on page 41.) And it proves he hasn't changed much—externally, at least

Ducks and (Frances) Drakes

AMUSING, too, is the story behind Frances Drake's change of name. Her real name is Frances Morgan Dean. When Paramount discovered her in London, it decreed that Frances Dean was too apt to be confused with Frances Dee. She was asked to change it, please. But she couldn't think of any other name she liked.

All the way across the Atlantic, Frances was bombarded with wireless messages filled with suggestions. The long series of names led the wireless operator to suspect a code. So Frances had to explain. Whereupon the whole ship, passengers and crew, joined in the christening game. But nothing came of it until Frances reached New York.

"Why are you playing ducks and drakes with my name?" she asked Paramount officials.

"Drake. Why that is just right. Frances Drake," cried one of the group. And Frances Drake she then became.

Garbo Went Home

GRETA GARBO was taken ill while in production of "The Painted Veil." She just didn't turn up for work one morning and it wasn't until the following day that anyone knew why. She remained at home for four days and then returned to work as calmly as she had departed. (She had one of those hard-to-shake Summer colds. Neither of her two leading men—Herbert Marshall and George Brent—caught it.) Irvin Cobb, the writer, humorist and (now) movie actor, has just bought Greta's former Santa Monica home, complete with furnishings.

Two on a Raft

THE romance between Virginia Pine and George Raft is reported to have encountered difficulties—the difficulties being the settlement that George expected to make with his present wife. At least, it is reported that Mrs. Grayce Mulrooney Raft is asking a lot of money to free George and he doesn't place that high a value on his freedom.

Meanwhile, Virginia Pine has affixed her signature to a new Columbia contract and everybody except George is happy.

(Continued on page 73)



When her bosses gave this little "Music in the Air" girl a new contract, they also gave her a new name. It used to be June Vlassek; now it is June Lang

Carl LAEMMLE
presents

GIFT of GAB

UNIVERSAL'S Entertainment
SUPREME!

30 Stars of Screen
and Radio

—all in one bunch in this glorious picture!

★ **Edmund Lowe**

★ GLORIA STUART

★ PHIL BAKER

★ Paul Lukas

★ Ethel Waters

★ Chester Morris

★ Alexander Woolcott

★ Douglass Montgomery

★ Binnie Barnes

★ Roger Pryor

★ Karloff

★ Gene Austin

★ Graham McNamee

★ Bela Lugosi

★ Alice White

★ **Ruth Etting**

★ June Knight

★ Victor Moore

★ Andy Devine

★ Hugh O'Connell

★ Gus Arnheim's Orchestra

★ Sterling Holloway

★ Henry Armetta

★ Downey Sisters

★ Beal Street Boys

★ Douglas Fowley

★ Wini Shaw

★ Helen Vinson

★ Candy and Coco

★ Surprise Personality

HEAR THESE SONG HITS—

"Talking to Myself."

"Blue Sky Avenue."

"I Ain't Gonna Sin No
More."

"Somebody Looks Good
To Me."

"Don't Let This Waltz
Mean Goodbye."

Directed by KARL FREUND

Screen play by RIAN JAMES

Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.

A
UNIVERSAL
PICTURE

The love story of one woman and one man



THE WORLD MOVES ON

"THE LOVE STORY OF A CENTURY"

MADELEINE CARROLL
FRANCHOT TONE

Produced by Winfield Sheehan • Directed by John Ford • Author: Reginald Berkeley

...that mirrors the emotions of every woman and every man facing the turmoil of the world today



Critics shout their praises

A deeply stirring tale . . An exquisite mingling of humor and heartache . . An important event in motion picture history. —*New York American*

This massive and spectacular film tells a beautiful love story. —*New York Daily Mirror*

It has plenty to offer as entertainment. Stirring moments . . gay and charming ones as well. —*New York Sun*

A lavish production, made on a grand scale. —*New York Daily News*




It's precious, **KEEP IT!**

What a social asset it is . . . the breath of youth, wholesomely fresh and delicately sweet. Isn't such an advantage worth trying for? Is there any reason why you should tolerate in yourself the faintest trace of halitosis (unpleasant breath), when it is so easy to overcome? Fastidious people realize that, due to modern habits, everybody is likely to have halitosis at some time or other—without knowing it. The safe, pleasant way to

correct such a condition is to use Listerine, especially before social or business engagements. Its deodorant action is simply amazing; and its stimulating, freshening effect in the mouth will delight you. Why not begin using Listerine every day? It's better to be safe than sorry that you offended.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
LISTERINE CHECKS HALITOSIS..(BAD BREATH)

Do you remember Garbo in "A Woman of Affairs"—the old silent version of "The Green Hat"? Now Connie brings it forth as a talkie under a new title. It was a large order to follow Garbo, but Connie took it in stride without mussing up a single strand of her famous goldilocks. Other good assignments are also on her menu. She has dates to appear soon in "The Red Cat" with Fredric March, and "It Had To Happen" with Clark Gable



FOLLOWS GARBO

COSMOPOLITE

If there's one actor who can properly be called a man of the world, you need to look no farther than Tullio Carminati. He is at home in the world capitals—including New York and Hollywood. And he is always at home on the stage and screen—and at ease, too—as you'll notice in "One Night of Love." It is one of the finest performances of the year



MAN ABOUT TOWN

To be a man about Hollywood, or name your own city, you have to be well-dressed and well-poised. Bruce Cabot is a good dresser, with the necessary poise and bearing, attributes which have guided him in making his way about the boulevards and studio sets. After you see him in "Their Big Moment," you will want to look him up in "The Redhead"



Usually when a girl marries the jokesters at her wedding place "just married" signs on the honeymoon car. But with Gloria Stuart, who recently divorced Gordon Blair Newell, an artist, to wed the scenarist, Arthur Sheekman, the jokesters, the car and the honeymoon were thrust aside in order that "Gift of Gab" might be completed on time. If plans work out all right, the honeymoon and stardom are just around the corner

JUST MARRIED

THE MERRY WIDOW



The Lubitsch touch . . . everywhere noticeable . . . the settings . . . the sophistication . . . the most ornate, if not the most expansive bedstead ever shown on the screen . . . but you know Lubitsch . . .



Chevalier is always happy at Maxim's . . . he admits as much in song and dance . . . when the wine bubbles over, his feet refuse to behave . . . which makes him disconsolate . . . even if the dancing girls do help him into his uniform . . . must be prepared for your superior officer



Jeanette MacDonald . . . Maurice Chevalier . . . one—the vivacious widow, the other—the adventurous prince . . . gay hours in Paree . . . the Merry Widow Waltz . . . "I love you" . . . dancing girls from Maxim's . . . colorful uniforms . . . intrigue . . . caprice . . . laughter . . . music by Franz Lehár . . . Ernst Lubitsch and his sparkling direction . . . all combining to make a memorable evening



THINGS ARE LOOKING UP

It wasn't so very long ago that things were breaking rather badly for Helen Twelvetrees—and she seemed to be slipping. But now things are looking up for her to such an extent that she raises her eyes to dwell upon her good fortune. She turned in such a good performance in "She Was A Lady," that she sees stellar heights ahead with "Wife for Sale," and "Meal Ticket"—sounds like a depression—but things are not what they seem, in the movies.



Leslie Howard and Kay Francis have, in "British Agent," a picture calculated to bring forth all of their well-known emotional resources — what with Leslie, a Britisher, on a secret mission to Russia—and Kay, a Russian, who holds high rank in the communist government. After considerable intrigue, romance makes them allies in the end. Leslie is now in England making "The Scarlet Pimpernel"; Kay is taking a rest

ALLIES IN THE END

EVEN MOVIE STARS MUST REST

When a star's services are constantly in demand, she has very little time for recreation. Take Carole Lombard, for instance. With one rôle after another being thrust upon her, this actress, whose talent touched the peak of emotion in "20th Century," has had no chance to pause and ask herself—"How am I doing?" If she asks us, we would answer: "Fine!" She no sooner completed "Now and Forever," than she was asked to star in another—"Orchids and Onions"





By MARK DOWLING

JANET GAYNOR Denies Ten Rumors

For a long time Hollywood has spread wild and fantastic rumors about Janet Gaynor—none of which Janet says are true. The rumors and the star's denials are presented in this interview. Don't fail to read it.

IT was while leaning slim white arms on a huge prop trunk on the set of her newest picture, "Servants' Entrance," wearing a fancy-dress Swedish costume with low-heeled shoes, a lace Dutch cap, and a kerchief around her neck, that Janet Gaynor denied some rumors about herself, sometimes with merry laughter at their absurdity, sometimes with a flash of fire in her warm, brown eyes. Interviewers have misconstrued the words of this star, misquoted her so often that now she refuses to be interviewed except on rare occasions.

But without any spoken word of Janet's to go by, Hollywood spreads rumors that are wild and fantastic. Here are some samples: she is even more naive than her film rôles; she carouses in secret; she spends every minute adding up stocks and bonds her little-girl style of acting

has earned; she is in love with Charles Farrell. Hollywood hears this gossip and sometimes believes it.

The day I saw her, newspapers were headlining the latest of these rumors. Janet Gaynor is supposed to have a three-year-old child by her former husband, Lydell Peck, they announced. (She married Peck in 1929 and obtained her divorce in April, 1933.) Studio officials immediately branded the story as "absurd and untrue," and Janet said to me;

"The rumor that I am a mother is unfortunately not true. I love babies, however, and one of my dearest wishes is to have one of my own some day. I think motherhood is the greatest career any woman can aspire to, and I'm no different from other women in this respect. It

(Continued on page 60)

"Censorship Means Goodbye to GARBO, DIETRICH and Me"

—ANNA STEN

Anna Sten is all for banning indecent pictures. But if censorship comes, she says, every actress will have to be a Pollyanna. And that will be tragic, she adds—staunchly defending her belief that "movies, to be a great art, must mirror life"

By SONIA LEE

"IF censorship is carried to its ultimate, fantastic limit, Garbo and Dietrich and Crawford—and I, too—will no longer have a place in pictures! For we all portray women of disillusion, women who give dramatic interpretation to the realities of life. Our faces are the faces of women of wide and encompassing experience. In our eyes are the lessons we have learned from life. How, then, can we interpret unsophisticated and naïve Pollyanna heroines?"

It is Anna Sten—the vibrant, the earthy, the glamorous Russian—speaking! Anna Sten, who, magically, distills an overwhelming beauty—who thwarts all those who would find a measuring rod for her artistry and her arrestingly vital quality. Sten's breath-taking interpretation of Zola's imperishable *cocotte*—*Nana*—has made a country sing hosannas to her art. And, as a result, she becomes not so much the champion of Hollywood, as of life and of truth!

In this, her first interview since her arrival in the United States almost two years ago, as the brilliant vision of Sam Goldwyn, she appraises censorship for what it is worth. She indicates its dangers and justifies its basic ideal.

"There are undoubtedly pictures," Anna says, "that should be banned—pictures that should never have been made. Their sole purpose is to appeal to sensuality. Not so long ago I went to a theatre and a 'short' was being shown. The audience snickered and whistled. I was embarrassed and disgusted by its fundamental dishonesty. It made no attempt at frankness, but it did achieve filth. That's the sort of picture that should find no place on the screen—and it should be outlawed by studios and theatres, and the public, alike.

"But motion pictures are definitely an art. By making them so simple that only uninformed children might see



Marlene Dietrich has always portrayed sophisticated women—and Pollyanna rôles don't fit her personality

them, you would degrade the screen and lower its standards. For life isn't all joy. It isn't all laughter. It is tragedy and drama; sordidness and beauty; a mixture of every emotion, whether worthy or unworthy; whether good or bad.

Pictures Must Mirror Life

"WE can learn only by contrast—learn what is good by measuring it against the bad. Movies, to be a great art, must mirror life. We do not ask that everyone around us be beautiful—that everyone have clean and unwrinkled faces—that



Garbo became a great actress on the screen because her artistry was never stifled

composed in one octave. An art without highlights—without tempests and storms—is an uninspiring art! It doesn't make for growth! It neither inspires the emotions nor the mind.

"I cannot understand why 'Barbary' Coast—the story of those wretched women of San Francisco—should not be made." (Sam Goldwyn has shelved it—explaining that the present censorship crusade would cost it much of its drama.) "It is history. It is truth! Out of the Barbary Coast grew something beautiful; out of the sordid spot, a great and amazing city was conceived.

"The Barbary Coast was a Cavalcade of Sorrow. It has its lessons to teach—as the history of any great nation is replete with lessons. We detail defeats and victories. Historians neither minimize nor exclude the mistakes of nations or armies or generals. No one censures historians—or wishes to do so. Yet censors to-day wish to exclude

from the screen the defeats of mankind and record only its victories! We cannot live on fairy-tales! That's a diet of mush and milk suitable for infants. We can live and progress only by knowing truth.

"A person whose character isn't a battlefield of every emotion, of every reaction, is a static person—lacking the essential vital quality. I am not so certain that the

(Continued on page 69)

their eyes show nothing but delight. When we ask for character, we ask for lines—for those etchings around mouth and eyes that indicate experience and a certain degree of suffering and a comprehension of what is worth while in life.

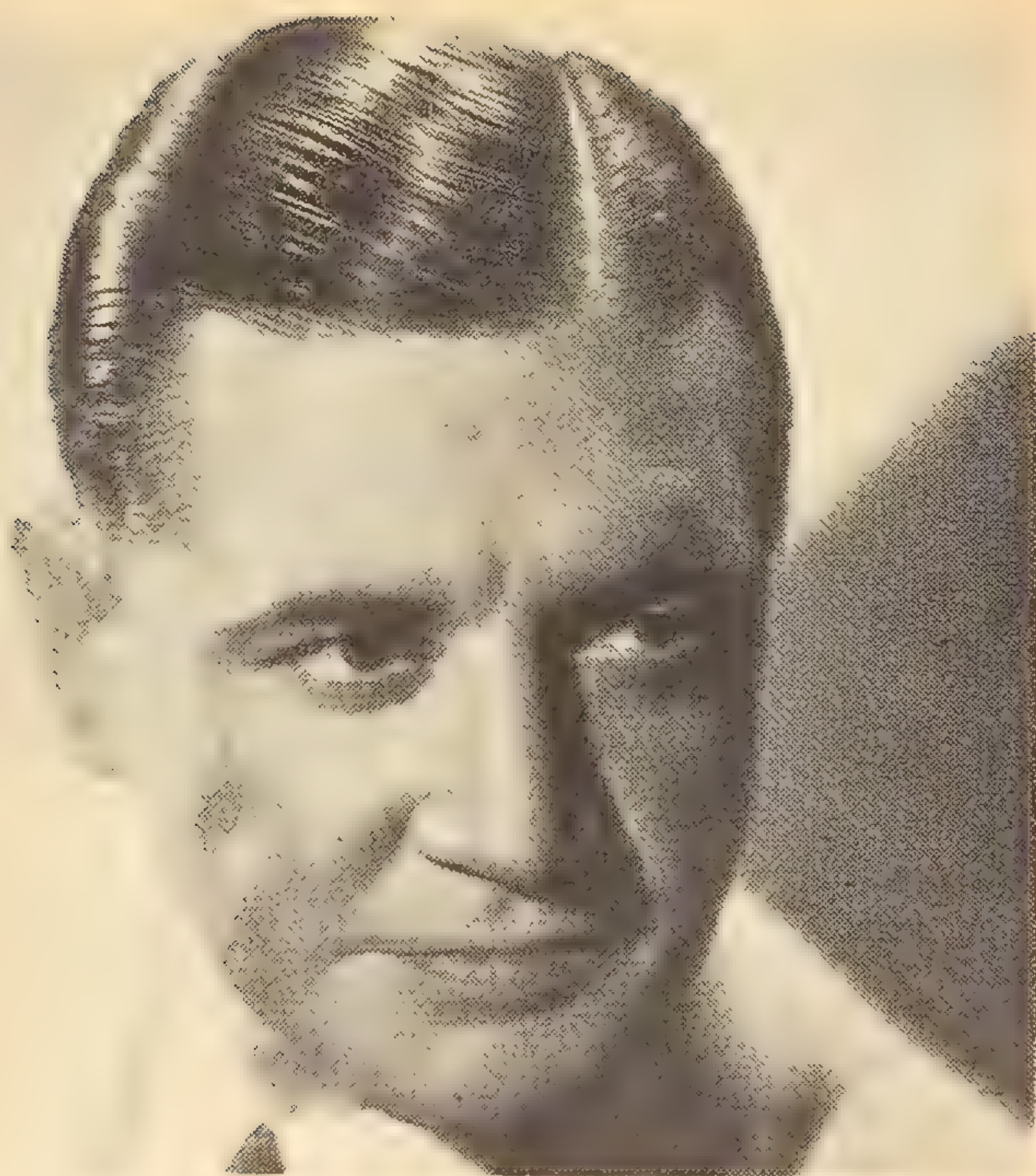
"We cannot emasculate a great art by making Pollyannas of every actress. It is like asking that great books be written in words of two syllables, or great symphonies

"We cannot live on fairy-tales," says Anna Sten. "We can live and progress only by knowing truth and life"

The 10-Minute

Want to meet some good eggs—plenty hard-boiled? Look over a few of these he-men movie stars. Most of them socked their way to success!

By HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE



RICHARD DIX—took on a champion boxer



VICTOR McLAGLEN—has an ear for a souvenir



RICARDO CORTEZ—once a "bodyguard"

IN the winter of 1922 a young man crawled out of a snow-drift close to the railroad tracks in the Snake River Valley of Montana, and felt carefully of his bruised body. The freight train from which he had just been booted by an unfriendly brakeman roared out of sight. The young man was tall, thin, unkempt and hungry, and his tattered clothing was far too thin for that near-zero temperature. He blew upon his hands to warm them and for hours counted the ties as he trudged along.

Just before darkness he found a haven in a hobo "jungle" close to the railroad right-of-way. There was a big fire and a stew of sorts was brewing in a battered bucket. The young man sat down.

"What you bin doin', buddy?" the boss tramp inquired.

"Acting," he answered.

"Stage-acting?"

"Sure."

"Oh! A sissy, huh?"

There was a brief struggle and Clark Gable, the young wanderer, knocked out the boss tramp with a right to the chin. "I'm a lousy actor," Gable announced to the tramps, "but I'm a damned swell hobo and I'm the boss of this jungle, see?"

The foregoing dramatic scene from a brief chapter in the colorful private life of The Great Gable is characteristic of some of the real-life scenes played by many of Hollywood's most famous male stars. These hard-boiled gents ought to organize and call their club "The Ten-Minute Eggs." A lot of them were, as the cops say, "plenty tough" in their day.

Brought Up on Bottle Fights

LET'S consider James Cagney, the grapefruit-pusher. His dad ran an old-fashioned saloon at Eighth Street and Avenue D, near the tenement where Jimmy was born, in the very heart of the Lower East Side of New York. His early recollections begin with petty gang wars, kids fighting with rocks. The family moved uptown into "Little Bohemia" and before long Jimmy was a full-fledged member of the notorious old "Seventy-Ninth Street Gang."

"It was a tough outfit," Cagney confided to me. "We fought the Eighty-First Streeters with bricks, bottles, and nails shot from blank cartridge pistols. I was seriously hurt several times; once by a hunk of ice, again by a bottle that ripped my scalp open, and by a brick I caught in the chest; several ribs were fractured.

"I was headed toward being a gunman when Fate took a hand. We moved to Long Island and for the first time I learned about trees, flowers, birds and baseball. But we moved back to the city and I became associated with some hoodlums. I was graduated from high school with a plaster over my right eye. I made up my mind to be a big shot in the underworld, but changed it when a friend of mine walked through the little green door to the death chair at Sing Sing. So I got a job as a bell-hop at the Friars' Club, and then one day I met a guy who told me he could get me a job for twenty-

Egg-Club of Hollywood

five dollars a week if I could dance, and that was the beginning of my career."

"Bad Boy" Barrymore

"WAS I tough?" grinned the candid John Barrymore. "I'll say I was," he continued. "I went in for theft as a kid. I used to steal money from the other members of the family in small amounts, and once I hoarded the stolen coins until I had enough to buy a necklace for a symmetrical lady in Philadelphia, many years my senior, with whom I was in love. Another time I appropriated my grandmother's jewels and hid them. While detectives were in the house, asking questions, I looked rather too innocent and my grandmother, who watched my face, drew her own conclusions, got rid of the detectives and used the well-known and well-worn slipper on me."

"I was in trouble constantly and, after being kicked out of one school in Philadelphia, was sent to another in Georgetown. One of the faculty took me through the school buildings and I paused in the gymnasium to swing on the parallel bars. As I turned over, there fell from my pockets, including other things, a risqué novel and a pint of whisky. That mishap gave the school more information about me than I could have supplied after a third degree. They were kind to me at Georgetown, and, although they eventually expelled me, did it in a nice way. I can't tell you why I was expelled."

"As a young man, I borrowed money, ate in saloons and slept where I could; and why the law never quite caught up with me is, to this day, beyond my understanding."

Star with a Cauliflower Ear

VICTOR McLAGLEN ran away from home to become a virile he-man, soldier, farm hand, day laborer, miner, vagabond, boxer, wrestler, strong man in a carnival, rough, tough and ready, a guy who roamed the face of the globe, taking his fun where he found it. That's the background of rich experience that has enabled him to breathe life into his screen characterizations.

He is the only star in pictures with a cauliflower ear (unless you want to count Max Baer) and it doesn't detract from his air or manners. His grammar is good, but his enthusiasm occasionally gets the better of him and then he drops into the vernacular of the old-time mining camp. He will get up on his feet to enact the story he is relating. His eyes flash, his body sways and his arms strike . . .

"He throws a water bottle at me and I ducks, like this, and leaps across the table, like this, and lets him have it plenty."

This big buckaroo's favorite story concerns the wild Canadian town of North Bay, Canada, and his pal, Jack Chelsom.

"We were broke, so I made the rounds of the saloons with Jack, who could sing. I'd introduce him as an old sailor who had been tortured by the Chinese during the Boxer War and then, after doing a little dance myself, would pass the hat. If the crowd was generous, we would then sing 'The Song of the

(Continued on page 70)



WALLACE BEERY—wrestled with elephants



GEORGE RAFT—still quick with his fists



CLARK GABLE—talked tough to the hoboes



"Shirley's studio work is actually good for her."—Mrs. Temple

Is Hollywood Overworking SHIRLEY TEMPLE?

This is the question which has been buzzing around the studio town, but which is settled once and for all by Shirley's mother who "loves her too much to hurt her"

BY FRED MORGAN

"I WANTED Shirley too long and I love her too much to do anything to hurt her!"

So Mrs. Temple replies to the spreading rumors that her famous little daughter is delicate and overworked. It has been gossiped that Shirley suffered a collapse on a studio set a year or so ago, and had to be carried home in an ambulance from the lot where she was making one-reel comedies.

Movie parents have been known to sacrifice their children's health to fame in the past, and the fact that Shirley has played, since last December, leading parts in four pictures (as well as "bits" in three others) made Hollywood wonder how much longer this five-year old could go on learning long lines, studying full-length parts, and bearing the tremendous excitement of sudden world fame—a strain under which many a mature star has broken down. *In fact, it was even rumored that the six-weeks' vacation Shirley is now enjoying with her mother was because the child was tired and ill.*

"I honestly believe," Mrs. Temple says, her eyes

brightening as they always do when she speaks of her wonder child, "that Shirley receives better care because she acts in pictures than many other children. We have our own doctor look her over once a month, and, in addition, the law requires that she be examined by Board of Health doctors every three months. It might interest people, who think this acting is harmful, to know that, during the three month period when she made "Little Miss Marker," "Baby, Take a Bow," and her new Paramount picture, *she gained three pounds*. Far from being overworked, she thrives on it! Every mother knows this is an exceptional gain for a child of Shirley's age. She's just forty-three inches tall, by the way, and weighs forty-three pounds—exactly the right proportion.

"Anyone can see by looking at her that she's not delicate.

(Continued on page 66)

GEORGE BRENT Is On His Own Now — And Likes It

Since George Brent separated from Ruth Chatterton he's going places and shouting the battle-cry of freedom. He has not only supported Garbo recently but Joan Crawford wants him as her next leading man. He doesn't intend to fall in love and marry—but if he does he hopes someone will hit him on the head with a baseball bat

BY FRANC DILLON

WHEN Garbo asks for a certain actor to make love to her in a picture, it's gossip, but when she *demand*s an actor, it's news. Greta chose George Brent to play her lover in "The Painted Veil." That became Hollywood's accolade, its Order of the Greta. Yet George seemed almost indifferent over his honors.

"I'm flattered; of course," he admitted. "But—well, I had hoped to have a good rest before I started another picture. I'm tired and nervous and scared to death. What is there about this woman that terrifies us men?" he asked suddenly. "I've never known an actor who worked with Miss Garbo who wasn't on the verge of fleeing Hollywood, beforehand. Still, my part isn't the leading rôle. Herbert Marshall plays the husband, and I, the lover. I think—" his bold Irish eyes gleamed, "I *expect* that I shall like that a lot."

All of a sudden after a year's total eclipse, Hollywood is George Brent-conscious. He has just finished "hero-ing" three successful pictures and with only one day's rest between, he took on a rôle for which almost every eligible actor in Hollywood was considered. Now Joan Crawford has spoken for him as her next leading man and rumor has it that a fascinating new foreign star is casting romantic glances Brentward. Still, with all this sudden success, George isn't doing any nip-ups. He was practically punch-drunk with weariness when I talked to him. We sat in his cool, Toluca Lake living-room and spoke about traveling—traveling in Hollywood, and whether a wife is excess baggage.

"Three months ago," I ventured, "you told me that 'he travels fastest who travels alone.' Have you found that to be so, George?"

"It's truer than I knew when we talked before," he laughed. "That is, it worked out that way for me." (Is there something especially attractive about an eligible male suddenly released from captivity? Did he have to separate from his wife to get producers to notice that he was alive?)

Has More Glamour Now

THERE must be something psychological about the whole thing," he admitted. "Studios seem to think there is more glamour about a single man or woman and they, naturally, reflect—the opinion of audiences, who

resent their romantic idols being married." (And yet there's Clark Gable, Fred March, Gary Cooper, and a dozen other husbands doing fairly well in the movies! The secret, perhaps, is that these men don't *look* married and George did.)

"But I'm on my own now," George added with an air of finality. "I'm not relying on anyone else. I'm standing on my own ability as an actor. So far—I don't want to talk too soon," he interrupted himself to knock on wood, "but I'm doing better than I've ever done before. In fact, for the first time since I came to Hollywood, I feel that I'm going places."

(Continued on page 67)



THESE MOVIES



Fredric March and Norma Shearer give inspirational performances in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"

CLEOPATRA—Paramount

Colorful Spectacle; Colbert, Great

CLEOPATRA was the first of the sirens, and if the present censorship continues, she may be one of the last—on the screen, that is. But there are other reasons for seeing Cecil B. De Mille's latest instalment of History Made Palatable for the Masses. It is as spectacular as anything he has ever produced, even if it has been laundered a bit. And Claudette Colbert, as *Cleopatra*, lives up to all the legends of the lure of Egypt's queen, while Warren William, with a new haircut, also reveals a new personality as *Caesar*, and the English newcomer, Henry Wilcoxon, as *Marc Antony*, looks like a big addition to American films.

You probably remember the story: When *Cleopatra* is a young girl, *Caesar* comes to Egypt, sees her, and is conquered, while teaching her how to be a queen. Later comes *Antony*, and *Cleopatra*, herself, is conquered. The sequel: a triple tragedy.

Because the story is familiar, perhaps, it isn't exciting.



Janet Gaynor—with Lew Ayres—manages to put humor into a novel twist of the Cinderella theme. It's "Servants' Entrance"

And because the spectacle dwarfs the drama, it doesn't do things to your emotions. But while your emotions may complain, your eyes won't. De Mille gives you a sensational eyeful for your money. And you don't often get a chance to see history—or romantic triangles, for that matter—made spectacular.

I'd say the highlights are: Claudette Colbert's beauty, and her poise in her undraped rôle. The settings—particularly the one of *Cleopatra's* barge, on which she and *Antony* have their Big Love Scene. The unexpected realism of the broadsword battle scenes. The dialogue, which is clipped and rather modern. The three death scenes.

HANDY ANDY—Fox

Rogers Tickles the Ribs Again

IF you like Will Rogers—and if you don't, you are in the minority—you will go for "Handy Andy." It's all Will Rogers. But this time he is taking a vacation from the



A mirror of modern life—with the Forgotten Man fully recognized is "Our Daily Bread," ably acted by Tom Keene and Karen Morley

character-acting he displayed in "State Fair," "David Harum" and "Doctor Bull," and is more the comic that he was in "They Had to See Paris." Indeed, the formulas for the two pictures are much the same. And Rogers is always himself.

In the earlier comedy, he was an oil man whose socially ambitious wife persuaded him to take a foreign holiday, on which his ludicrous exploits cured his wife of her high-falutin' ideas. This time, he is a corner druggist, whose socially ambitious wife persuades him to take her to the New Orleans Mardi Gras, where he, by his antics, succeeds in making her ambitions look silly.

As always, Rogers is natural, human and believable—even when his antics are most hilarious. The high point of hilarity is his disguise as *Tarzan* at a costume ball, and his attempt to do an adagio dance with Conchita Montenegro (which develops into an insane burlesque). Peggy Wood, from Broadway, is miscast as his wife, being too youthfully attractive for the rôle; and her singing voice is wasted on some music that doesn't matter. Mary Carlisle, as his sympathetic daughter, handles her small rôle skilfully.

REVIEWS OF THE CURRENT PICTURES

BY LARRY REID



De Mille's "Cleopatra" makes a spectacular picture—with Claudette Colbert in the title rôle and Wilcox as Antony

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET—M-G-M

Triple Triumph for Three Stars

"THE Barretts of Wimpole Street" is a great love story, short on action, long on suspense. It is compelling from beginning to end, and not to be forgotten. The heroine is the invalid poetess, *Elizabeth Barrett*; the hero is the romantic poet, *Robert Browning*; the villain is her tyrannical, jealous, subtly cruel father. And these three rôles are interpreted by Norma Shearer, Fredric March and Charles Laughton, respectively. Moreover, Laughton doesn't steal this picture (though he comes close to it); the honors are divided—with Maureen O'Sullivan as the rebellious sister coming in for a share of them.

The chief setting is the oppressive Victorian home of the *Barretts*, where *Elizabeth* lies ill, afraid of both death and her father, and tries to forget by writing poetry. Her work attracts the attention of *Browning*, whose sympathy for her deepens into love and a determination to marry her. But her father is equally determined that the marriage will never take place and, with typical diabolical clever-



Harold Lloyd is as funny as ever and much more dramatic in "The Cat's-Paw." It is moving, exciting and clever all the way

ness, sets out to thwart the lovers. The under-current of horror in the home, *pianissimo* until now, rises to *crescendo*.

The picture, with two poets for the lovers, may sound highbrow; but its dialogue, as well as its drama, will rivet you to your seat. The picture gives Norma Shearer her chance to be an idealist again—and she takes full advantage of it. She is nothing if not inspirational. The same may be said of Fredric March, as the ardent, impetuous lover. (Their love scenes are lyrical.) And Charles Laughton has never been more convincingly sinister. Don't miss this one.

THE CAT'S-PAW—Fox

Lloyd Gets Laughs in a New Way

HAROLD LLOYD—one comedian who has never played an off-color scene or spoken an off-color line (and has become a millionaire for his pains)—has one of his funniest comedies in "The Cat's-Paw." Certainly, it is



You'll go for "Handy Andy," with Will Rogers having the time of his life cutting up didoes to please a socially ambitious wife

his most novel. He does more acting, has more plot to work with, and depends less upon slapstick for his laughs. In fact, he's indulging in social satire. And there are laughs in it for everybody, from grandma to grandma's boy.

Based on a Clarence Budington Kelland story, it is a comical tale of a young American, brought up in China to be a missionary, who leaves the philosophical Orient for high-pressure America, and suddenly and unwillingly finds himself "on the spot." He is lifted off a curbstone by some crooked politicians, and boomed as "reform mayor"; when he dazedly finds himself elected and tries to live up to his campaign promises, he runs up against gangland; whereupon he uses an old Oriental method to dispose of his enemies.

Lloyd's horn-rimmed specs are the same, but everything else is "different." He is less homespun and bewildered; he is more the eccentric. The situations in which he finds himself, and the gangsters whom he encounters, are all exaggerated to the point of unreality and smart satire. And yet he is so natural and his emotions are seem-

(Continued on page 72)

MOVIE
CLASSIC

TABLOID

NEWS
SECTION

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS



Ralph Morgan

Katharine Hepburn is taking to the air now to dodge reporters. But photographers can't (?) be escaped, as she hops West to start work on "The Little Minister"



Acme

The good old days of "Von for all, and all for Von" are back. Marlene Dietrich and director Joseph von Sternberg are speaking again. He is seen with Marlene, her daughter, Maria, and her husband, Rudolph Sieber



Dwar

Six months ago, Hollywood hadn't heard of Ketti Gallian. Now, with her first picture—"Maria Galante"—finished, she looms as a star (the only star with broader shoulders than hips). Her mother is French, her father Italian

TARZAN, MATE BATTLE FOR FUN, NOT DIVORCE

“Hollywood’s Fightingest Marriage”—That of Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller—Heads for the Rocks, But Head(line)s Right Away Again

By ANN SLATER

SAID Lupe Velez last November, soon after her marriage to Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller: “Eet weel be the *fightingest* marriage Hollywood has ever seen. But divorce? Nevair! I weel keel any judge who tries to take my Johnnee away from me.” So, perhaps, when a justice recently put on his robes to sit in judgment on the divorce suit of Guadelupe Villalabos Weissmuller against Johnny Weissmuller, it was fortunate that Lupe’s attorney rose in court and announced that his client wanted to withdraw her action. “They are apparently very much in love,” he explained.

This time, Hollywood felt sure, the parting of the ways had come for the battling lovers, whose domestic differences it had seen staged in public. Now it is inclined to wonder if the suit could have possibly been just a publicity stunt to win the headlines. It is fairly safe to say that the next time Lupe cries, “Wolf! Wolf! Divorce!” newspaper men are going to yawn, “Oh, yeah?”

Clinging Together Yet

The Weissmuller marriage is about to celebrate its first anniversary, with the decisions in the various rounds that Lupe and Johnny have fought fairly evenly divided. The first battle came only a few days after the elopement to Las Vegas. It seemed that Johnny’s great beeg horrible dog had bitten Lupe’s tiny Mexican flea hound. And Lupe had ordered both the dog and its master out.

The dogs have been a source of many of the Weissmuller battles. But it didn’t much matter what they fought about. Almost anything was an excuse for a battle—Johnny’s habit of leaving his hat on the piano, Lupe’s failure to serve ice cream and soup at every meal, Johnny’s seventy-five dollar bicycle, Lupe’s bracelet. When intervals of peace threatened to make domestic life dull, Lupe admits, she and Johnny would sit with arms about one another, discussing what they would fight about next. “We *like* to fight,” she once said.

After about six months of married life, Lupe told a reporter, with fire in her eyes, “That Johnnee! I am through! I throw heem out!” This round was evidently Lupe’s, for when reporters descended on Johnny’s new apartment to hear his version of the crack-up, they found him



Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller and his mate, Lupe Velez, have Hollywood guessing. Are they serious about their fighting—or is it a gag?

gone—where?—right back to Lupe Velez.

From then on, however, things waxed hotter. Almost every week the papers carried the report of a new public disagreement of the Weissmullers. When Lupe recently went on a personal appearance tour, and Johnny accompanied her, other portions of the country were let in on their family fights. Developments began to look ominous.

A week after their return, denying any trouble, local papers headlined that Lupe was going to divorce Johnny. “Yes, eet’s

true,” she sobbed. “We still loff each other, but we can’t live together.”

This time the hostilities lasted almost a week. Then came Lupe’s birthday. Johnny gave her a party. “He’s so sweet,” she beamed, “maybe I take heem back before the divorce is final.”

Two days later, her attorney rose in court and withdrew the action. Now, Hollywood is trying to figure it out. Can it be just a publicity stunt—or is it just, as Lupe prophesied, “the fightingest marriage Hollywood has ever seen?”

ANITA PAGE, NEWLY WED, CAN'T LIVE WITH HUBBY

Blonde Actress Marries Nacio Herb Brown, Songwriter, in Mexico, But Their Marriage Won't Be Legal in California Until His Recent Divorce Is Final—Next Year

By MAUDE LATHEM



KEPT PROMISE—Anita Page promised her mother that she would never elope. And she didn't. She took her parents along to the sudden wedding!

WHEN the Justice of the Peace at Tia Juana, Mexico, was called early one recent morning to perform a marriage between Anita Page, blonde screen actress, and Nacio Herb Brown, composer of popular songs, he was not even slightly suspicious that he was officiating at the marriage of a Hollywood celebrity. For one thing, Anita used her real name of Pomares.

Many stars have followed the early example of Corinne Griffith and have gone

to Mexico to be married. But, usually, famous movie couples are not accompanied, as in this case, by both parents of the bride and a younger brother. So the Mexican official thought that he was performing the ceremony for some Spanish family. (You see, the Pomares are of Spanish descent.) A long time ago, Anita solemnly promised her mother never to elope. That's why the whole family drove South all night, after Anita telephoned them her good news from the Cocoanut Grove at 2 a.m.!

Herb admits that he has loved Anita for

six years; that she has never been out of his mind since he wrote "You Were Meant for Me" for "The Broadway Melody." He dedicated that song to her. When he first met Anita, he was married to his first wife, from whom he was shortly divorced. Later he married Jeanne Borlini, from whom he was granted an interlocutory decree of divorce on last June 5.

Anita had no intimation during those six years that Herb was interested in her. She thought of him only as a friend of the family. Until after his recent divorce, Herb never tried to see Anita. Then he began taking her out occasionally, and in July she made the discovery that he was in love with her, and that she was immensely interested in him. Then, one night at the Grove, where they had been dancing to his latest composition, "The Carlo," she discovered she was in love for the first time in her twenty-four years.

They decided that they must proclaim their love to the world. They couldn't be legally married in California for another ten months, but they could go to Mexico and tell the world that they belonged to each other. That would stop so many men from being interested in the blonde Anita, and it would relieve Herb from the necessity of being nice to so many women. But the marriage is not to be consummated until his divorce decree is final, at which time there will be another wedding in California—a church wedding. These were the only terms on which her father would consent to the marriage. Anita continues to reside with her parents at Manhattan Beach, while Herb has to come calling on her from far-away Malibu Beach.

Unless the offer is too good to refuse, I don't believe she will return to pictures. She has no thought but to do what Herb wishes, and he doesn't wish her to work in pictures.

"It would be all right until she came to the kissing scenes," he says, "but at that point I would insist on a double."



Six years ago, Nacio Herb Brown wrote the song, "You Were Meant for Me," to Anita

STAR WHO COINED “TRIAL SEPARATION” NOW WEDS IN EARNEST

“I’m Going to Be a Wife First, an Actress Second,” Says Gloria Stuart, Marrying Writer After Divorcing Artist—Through With “Experiments”

BY ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

GLORIA STUART startled blasé Hollywood two years ago with her ultra-modern recipes for living. It was Gloria who invented that catchy term, “trial separation.” It was Gloria who, after divorcing her artist-husband, Gordon Blair Newell, only to read of his remarriage the next day, vowed that she would never, NEVER marry again. That was two months ago. She’s Mrs. Arthur Sheekman now!

An introduction to the Hollywood scenario writer on the set of “Roman Scandals” was followed by a whirlwind romance, a brief engagement. And a wedding ceremony at Agua Caliente and now, says Gloria, “The one great love of my life has taught me that all my high-flown theories were schoolgirl delusions. I’ve met a man who is everything I ever wanted, and I’m content to be an *old-fashioned wife!*”

Gloria, how greatly have you changed! Look back two years and listen to her at the time of her Hollywood début. “Marriage? An antiquated, to-be-put-up-with fact, made tolerable only through application of modern thought. Jealousy? Something to be banished relentlessly from every intelligent marriage. Individual freedom? The sacred, inalienable right of every thinking human, to be maintained in the very teeth of marriage.”

And Gloria and Gordon Newell put their creed into practice. Surrounded by a clique of individualists, they made their home a Temple to New Thought. Gloria did as she pleased, with no questions asked or explanations given. Gordon did the same. With their friends, they argued the nights away on Communism, psychology, sex, art, literature, nudism—and then dashed away to secluded Laguna Beach for a swim in the half-light of dawn. But their marriage crashed. And now Gloria thinks she knows why.

“The fact that we both mistook a pack of sophomoric half-truths for a workable scheme of marriage is responsible,” she says. “I condemned jealousy and preached individual rights, but at heart *I wanted my husband to be jealous of me.* If my work kept me out late at night, I wanted him to be pacing the floor when I came home. I wanted him to demand an accounting and beat into my mind the fact that I belonged to him! I went out with other men—and he said nothing. He went out with

other women—and I was furious, but too proud to let him think me old-fashioned.

“Now, I am deeply in love with Arthur Sheekman—and I’m through dabbling with ideas about life. They don’t bring happiness. He is jealous of me—and I love it. I want love, not academic art-colony theories.

“After my divorce, I was hurt and bewildered. I was left without a belief in anything. I was in a fit mood to commit any folly. Even when I fell in love with Arthur and knew that this love was the biggest thing that had ever come into my life, I fought against it. ‘Don’t fall in love with me—I don’t deserve you!’ I told him. But I wanted his love—desperately.

“I’m happier now than I’ve ever been in my life. Arthur’s whole existence is based on facts that have been tried and proved since the beginning of the world. We can trust our lives to them. My former beliefs were just impractical theories that couldn’t stand the test of application. This time we will have only one marriage ‘rule’—under no circumstances will we tolerate being separated for more than thirty days. If Arthur is forced to go to Europe, I will drop everything and

He Wasn’t Jealous



Gordon Newell was too “modern” to be jealous—and Gloria Stuart sought a divorce



Arthur Sheekman IS a jealous husband—and Gloria Stuart hankers to be an old-fashioned wife to him (as above, perhaps)

go with him. I’m going to be a wife first, an actress second, and an ‘intellectual modern’ last of all.”

P. S. Her new husband is a writer; so is Gloria in her spare time. A publisher is bringing out a volume of her poems this Fall—a volume entitled “Worm Behind the Leaf.”

Gloria has made no secret of the fact that she has been restless in Hollywood. Artistically ambitious, she has been discontented with her opportunities. Not long ago, she said, “I feel that in two years I’ve had only two really good rôles—believable rôles. The rest of the time, I’ve just been there in front of the camera, occupying space, smiling in love pictures, shrieking in mystery stories. It’s not more money I’m fighting for. It isn’t big rôles I want. Just good ones.”

She was on a “one-woman strike” from her studio at the time, to get those rôles; now she is back, a winner, and rôles building to stardom have been promised her. And, tacitly, she is warning Hollywood that it had better keep its promises, or lose her. For one thing, she is an active member of a Little Theatre group, staging modern classics—a warning that she is serious about doing worth-while things. And then, there is her poetry.

At that time, she explained her “trial separation” from Gordon Newell by saying, “We each want to be free to work out our careers.” Maybe what she meant was that they wanted to be free from *each other.*

BING CAN'T RETIRE NOW—IT'S TWINS

Bing Crosby Is Now a Much Kiddled Man, in Every Sense of the Word—Stork Left Double Bundle on Friday, the 13th

By JOAN STANDISH

THEY are calling him Bing-Bing Crosby these days, and he doesn't like it a whole lot. And the morning after the Crosby family was increased by two, Paramount songwriters took a page in a local trade paper to congratulate him—and showed him holding twin babies and singing "Love in Bloom"; Bing scowled. The scowl deepened when he saw the "felicitations" of other friends—a page showing the stork depositing twins in the crib with Gary Evan Crosby, aged thirteen months, with the caption "Three Rhythm Boys," and a bar from "Love Thy Neighbor."

Bing is proud of the twins, all right, but he does wish people would stop kidding him about them. The kidding began so long ago, too—three months before the twins' arrival, when Dixie Lee Crosby went to the hospital to have an X-ray taken, and the plate showed two tiny spines, instead of one. His friends at the studio started the ribbing then, and kidded him about the picture he was making—"She Loves Him Not."

In every sense of the word, Bing is a much kidded man, indeed, these days. And when he took to his bed with a bad case of influenza the day after the twins were born, it didn't relieve his feelings to have his pals joshing about the "shock" he had had.

"It's a complete golf foursome!" Bing is reported to have shouted gleefully when the nurse put her head out of the door on Friday, the 13th, and announced, "They're boys!" But Dixie was disappointed. She had a boy already. She had hoped they would be twin girls, and had the names picked for them.

As it was, all of a week passed before the squirming mites in their incubator beds received names. They were big, husky names, too, for such small lads—Philip Lang and Dennis Michael. But whether or not it was Philip who weighed a trifle more than four pounds and Dennis who weighed a little less than four pounds,

THEY WEREN'T DUMFOUNDED



Bing and Dixie Lee Crosby knew they were going to have twins; a little X-ray told them. But Dixie had planned on girls

nobody will ever be able to determine. Dixie named Philip Lang—"Philip" always having been a favorite name of hers; the "Lang" is in honor of Eddie Lang, one of Bing's former orchestral buddies. Bing named the other—after his grandfather.

Hollywood has taken a personal interest in the twins ever since they had their X-ray picture taken. They are the first twins ever born to an active star in the movie colony (although Lawrence Tibbett and Edna Best each had twins before they ever started their film careers). The interest became painful when it seemed for a time that there was little hope of their safe arrival in the world. Dixie Lee Crosby was very ill for three months, part of the time in a hospital bed, and the rest

of the time a prisoner in her own room, shut away from the gaieties that she and Bing both love. Bing remained home with her when his work permitted, and the two youthful parents had a good chance to realize the serious side of life, about which Bing croons sometimes.

Bing, who admits freely that he is lazy and would like nothing better than to sleep all the time he wasn't playing golf or going fishing, had been toying with the idea of giving up his radio work, or his movie work, or maybe both. "But when the Doc told me there were going to be two more Crosbys, I saw that I had to keep on hustling," Bing drawls. Incidentally, he played a golf game with the obstetrician to see if the doctor's fee should be double or nothing—and lost.

The Crosby twins have spent the first few weeks of their existence in incubators of the type in which Harold Lloyd, Jr., lived for so long. There they will remain until they have attained the sturdy weight of six pounds. Even the parents are able to get only infrequent looks at them as yet. But they are planning a royal welcome when the boys come home to Toluca Lake, to the new cribs that have been added to the nursery suite once occupied in a lordly way by Gary Evan.

Is Friday, the 13th, an unlucky day for the Bing Crosbys? "We couldn't be happier unless they had been triplets!" they chorus.

One question Hollywood is asking about Bing's becoming not only a father for the second time, but the father of twins, is: "What effect will it have on his popularity?" Well, Bing has been deluged with messages of congratulation from admirers far and wide; and an admittedly shrewd advertising department has been advertising "She Loves Me Not" as "Bing's greatest triumph since the twins"—amusingly reminding everybody of the Big Event.

And last June his manager-brother, Everett, told MOVIE CLASSIC: "We thought at first maybe his marriage would hurt his popularity, but the fans seemed just glad to hear he was happy. Then, when the first baby came along, we thought, 'Maybe, now, being a papa and all, he won't seem quite so romantic.' But do you know that sixty letters out of every hundred he gets nowadays ask him how the baby is or sent 'love to Gary and Dixie'? Now that the second baby is coming in September—he guessed wrong about both the number and the date—"everybody seems interested and pleased. It's because Bing seems like an every-day sort of young man, who would naturally have a wife and family, that people like him, and his songs."

ONE FAIRBANKS RETURNS; THE OTHER STAYS ABROAD

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Comes Back from England—for a Visit, at Least; But Young Doug Shows Signs of Saying "Goodbye" to Hollywood Forever

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., returned to Hollywood from England last Spring to make "Success at Any Price," he took occasion to deny vehemently that either he or his father intended to become expatriates. "We simply find England a charming place to live," he said, "but we are Americans and intend to remain Americans." Since then, several things have happened to make Hollywood wonder if he would say the same thing to-day.

When the elder Doug went to England, soon after his parting with Mary Pickford (which the public did not know about for several weeks), and it began to look as if he intended to make a lengthy stay, newspapers rumored that he was planning to become a British citizen. This he denied, and rumors of reconciliation with Mary (and a possible return to Pickfair) followed. These rumors suddenly ended when Mary went ahead with her divorce intentions, and Doug, who had been the frequent escort of Lady Sylvia Ashley, was named co-respondent in the divorce suit of Lord Ashley. (Both Doug and Lady Sylvia entered indignant denials of the allegations.)

Then Hollywood learned that the Fairbanks bungalow on the United Artists lot was being altered and refurnished—and the rumor that Doug was coming home took on a new boom, until it was learned that the bungalow was being rebuilt for another star. In the meantime, the cables reported that Doug had acquired a monocle, with friends explaining that his eyesight had been affected by studio lights during the making of his new picture, "The Private Life of Don Juan." Hollywood wondered: Was just one eye affected, or did he need only one eye to read with? Then came the news that he had rented a castle in Hants, Herts (or maybe it was in Herts, Hants)—an awfully British castle, with thirty-four bedrooms and a family ghost,

They Like Jolly Ol' Lunnnon



When Douglas Fairbanks went over to England, Doug. Jr., followed—and now he's apparently even more sold on it than his father

where his friends in the aristocracy would presumably feel at home. And then returning travelers brought word that Doug's English accent was more extreme than that of a third-termer at Magdalen College. It looked as if America had lost Doug for keeps.

But suddenly, with his new picture soon to be released in America, he sailed for the homeland, smiled broadly on arrival, and flew immediately to Denver, his old home-town, to the funeral of the widow of his brother and late business manager,

John. Then on to Hollywood for a "business talk" with Mary, before sailing away again—this time to China, to make a picture. Beyond this new picture venture, he is non-committal about his future plans—and home.

However, it isn't likely that America will lose the elder Fairbanks—officially, at any rate. For one thing, he has too many investments on this side of the Atlantic to sacrifice them for a new flag. And the income taxes of a well-to-do English citizen are terrifying. And Lady Ashley? She was an actress before her marriage, and if she finally heeds Doug's reported suggestion that she try a film career, it is conceivable that she might also be persuaded to make Hollywood the scene of her debut.

But while it would surprise Hollywood if the father became a British citizen, it would not be surprised if the son took the step. For young Doug apparently has no plans for returning to Hollywood. He has had his business agents sell all his investments except the home that he built for Joan Crawford, whose divorce from him became final in May. And that to-day bears a huge sign, "For Sale."

In the last six months, Doug, Jr., has turned down two hundred thousand dollars' worth of Hollywood offers—and some of the finest rôles that Hollywood had to give. If young Doug gives up a fortune, his Hollywood friends and his country, it will be for love of a charming English comédienne, Gertrude Lawrence, several years his senior. He is planning to appear with her in a London play this Fall, and is also scheduled for an English picture, "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," for which Charles Laughton and Maurice Chevalier are likewise listed. Meanwhile, young Doug—who is tremendously popular in London—has been cruising with Miss Lawrence and a party of English friends on a yacht that he presented to her.

THREE MOVIE COUPLES MAKE PACT TO STICK TOGETHER IN TROUBLE

The Fredric Marches, Robert Montgomerys and John Lodges Store Away Food for Strike Emergency, and Agree That It's "All For One, and One For All"

BY SONIA LEE



The Fredric Marches foresaw the need of a cow—for a supply of fresh milk



Apeda

The Robert Montgomerys, who have a farm, were to superintend the gardening

emergency. The sextette even discussed the advisability of starting vegetable gardens immediately. Bob Montgomery knows something about farming. He has acquired several hundred acres of farmland in New York State, and has made it, by careful planning and by systematic cultivation, self-supporting. He has even stocked the streams with trout. If worse came to worst, all of them could find refuge and subsistence there. So Bob was the authority on farming.

Fortunately, the San Francisco strike was settled. The crisis was passed—and three stars immediately began distributing cases of food to various charities.

"Our pact was to share and share alike whatever we had," explains John Lodge. "Not one of us could go hungry while the others had food. We all felt that the situation was much more serious than was generally recognized, and, for the sake of our families, we considered it imperative to make some small provision against a day that we hoped would never come."



The John Lodges were to be part-owners, with the Marches, of the cow

THE general strike in San Francisco, which virtually made it a besieged city, had its repercussions in Hollywood, four hundred miles away. An extraordinary compact was made by Fredric March, John Lodge and Robert Montgomery, when it seemed that Los Angeles, too, might be paralyzed by a general labor walk-out. They were prepared for any emergency.

Troops entered the Northern California city. News stories came over the wires about thousands of people who faced a shortage of food. Graphic photographs showed hundreds of motorists lined up before gasoline stations in desperate efforts to buy small supplies of motor fuel.

It was at a dinner party in the March home that these three stars formulated their plans. No one at the moment could tell how far the strike would spread. The latest rumor was that workers in the Los Angeles area and in other Coast cities were going to walk out in sympathy with the San Francisco strikers. In that event,

the problem of food and of transportation would be acute.

The following morning, Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. March and Mrs. Lodge placed large orders for cases of canned stuffs—vegetables and fruits and tinned meats. In addition, they all ordered a large supply of flour, coffee, sugar, tea and all the other staples that would guard them against hunger. They all bought large quantities of gasoline and stored it in a safe place for emergency.

Not even to themselves would they admit that the tense unrest might have serious—even tragic—consequences, directly affecting themselves. But like thousands of less-well-known couples in California, they intended to make "Preparedness" their motto.

The Lodges, the Marches and the Montgomerys all have small children. And because they would need fresh milk, John Lodge and Fredric March agreed to buy a cow. It could be pastured on the March place and would provide against

Nell Gwyn, the gay, irresponsible charmer of London's Drury Lane, who so captivated King Charles II (he looked them over, two hundred and fifty years ago) as an actress, hoyden and wit that he made her his mistress, lives again on the screen. And it's London's Anna Neagle who humanizes *Nell* with all the charm and gaiety that have made her one of the feminine immortals. When you see "Nell Gwyn," with La Neagle in the title rôle, you'll be taking lessons in the pastime known as love.



LONDON CHARMER

"MISS MARIE"

a Story Never Told Till Now

The whole world mourns Marie Dressler—but the one who misses her the most, because she was the closest to her in life, is Mamie Cox, her colored maid. For twenty-two years, until the very end, Mamie was with her—the most faithful friend of all. Now it should be told—the story of the devotion that "Miss Marie" inspired throughout her life and work!

"Perhaps she learned the Truth when Time was young;

*And comes again with heaven-songs of mirth;
And leaves her gods and goddesses alone
To live with us a little while on earth."*

THUS read the lines of Marie Dressler's favorite poem. Spoken by Reverend Neal Dodd at the funeral service in Hollywood for the world's most beloved woman, the verse was fraught with significance.

The "she" really was Marie Dressler. She has lived with us a little while on earth and, having made it a happier place because of her presence here, she has now gone to rejoin her gods and goddesses.

Old-timers, stretching their memories, can recall Marie Dressler in her hey-day as a fun-maker on the stage—with Joe Weber and Lew Fields in "Higgledy-Piggledy." Mamie Cox's memories go back even farther



Byron, New York

By
JOHN SHERMAN

Marie" won the respect of all Hollywood.

Shared Marie's Secret

WHEN doctors pronounced a death sentence upon Marie Dressler three years ago, Mamie was the only one Marie told. Together, they guarded the secret jealously from the world. Together, they conspired that Marie might carry on.

"The last words Miss Marie spoke were, 'I did put up a good fight, didn't I?'" Mamie told me. "A few moments later, she relapsed into a coma and never awakened from it.

"Miss Marie was not allowed to know how ill she really was, and news of the seriousness of her condition did not reach her through the newspapers. The reporters weren't told until after she had lost consciousness.



Marie Dressler used to delight in telling how Mamie Cox (right) shielded her and "bullied" her—for her own good. For many months, Mamie was the only one to share Marie's secret. And it was to Mamie that Marie spoke her last gallant words before the end: "I did put up a good fight, didn't I?"



But we who are left behind are lonesome. Yet there is not one of us who can mourn Marie more sincerely than Mamie. For not one of us knew Marie as Mamie did or was as close to her as Mamie—Mamie Cox, her maid and companion, faithful and staunch throughout an association that had lasted for nearly a quarter of a century.

Mamie never left Marie's bedside during the last four weeks of the illness that mercifully ended in death. Mamie attended the funeral, sitting in the front row, and as the casket was borne from the chapel, Mamie, arm in arm with May Robson, led the line of mourners slowly walking behind it. And Mamie remained in the mausoleum until everyone else had gone, so that she might be alone in her grief.

Mamie is a colored woman. Her devotion to "Miss

"We went to Santa Barbara last February, upon the advice of Dr. Moffet. For a while we lived at the Biltmore Hotel but Miss Marie tired of a hotel room and decided to accept the kind offer of Mrs. Billings to occupy one of their guest homes on their estate in Montecito. Miss Marie had vacationed there several times and she wanted to be among her friends again. She always loved people around her. One of my duties was to keep them from disturbing her too much. She never told me so, but I didn't have to be told.

(Continued on page 74)



Although divorced from John Gilbert, Virginia Bruce is still in love with him—and prefers to be known by her married name. She would go to Jack in a minute if he wanted her, but she agrees that no woman can make him happy permanently

By MAUDE LATHEM

WOMEN never fall out of love with John Gilbert. Sixteen years ago Olivia Burrell was divorced from him after a few months of marriage. She came quietly to Hollywood, and has lived here a few miles away from the dashing hero of her youthful romance ever since. She still bears his name. There's Leatrice Joy, who, years after she divorced Jack, eagerly asked everyone she met for news of him. She could not talk on any subject for more than a moment without speaking his name. The great Garbo, breaking a three-year silence, demanded her former screen lover as her leading man when she made "Queen Christina."

And now Virginia Bruce sets Hollywood abuzz, and corrects the publicity man of her studio, who introduced her as "Miss Bruce," with the quiet statement: "I prefer to be called by my right name, Mrs. John Gilbert." It is the first time a divorced actress has ever clung to her husband's name. But then, Virginia has always occupied a unique position in the film world. She possessed a beauty so fragile, so evanescent, that photographers despaired of ever being able to reproduce it on the screen. They said she was too beautiful to photograph.

She is the only player on record whose picture contract was suspended when she married. This is what the studio did in her case, judging in advance that chances were ten to one against her finding permanent happiness in a marriage with Jack Gilbert. When she divorced him, she began at the studio where she left off. Now she is in the paradoxical position of having divorced her husband while she is apparently still in love with him.

"It's not true that I am writing him love letters," Virginia says, blushing. "I only sent him roses when he was ill and wrote a note expressing my earnest hope that he would soon be all right. I can't bear to have him feel alone and neglected while he is sick. As for still being in love, how can you tell just when love dies? You can be hurt, desperately, and yet, after a time, only the pleasant recollections remain."

(Continued on page 76)



*"My Marriage
with
JOHN GILBERT
Was Not
a Failure"*
—VIRGINIA BRUCE

"I'm Going to Sandpaper Jimmy Cagney's Neck!"

Says JIMMY CAGNEY

to KATHARINE HARTLEY

JIM Cagney speaking: Listen, folks, here's something few people can realize. I can watch Jimmy Cagney on the screen and look at him as impersonally as I'd look at Garbo . . . well, not quite as impersonally," he interrupted himself with that intriguing half-smile of his. "But what I mean is that the Jimmy Cagney that's me and the Jimmy Cagney that's an actor are two separate people. And, believe it or not, the me is simply fed up with the Cagney on the screen.

"I'm sick of walking, talking, gesticulating like a tough. I'm so tired of taking cracks at women, and brow-beating them, that whenever I'm asked to do that on a screen, I feel like turning to the camera and saying, 'Pardon me, audience, but that's just an act. I'd much rather kiss the girl than sock her! It's more natural.' You see what I mean?"

"Now I don't mean that the tough guy hasn't been successful. The public has liked me tough, but I'm looking ahead. The day of the gangster, the mug, the guy



Jimmy Cagney is tired of the Cagney you see on the screen. He's fed up with the tough guy who slaps his woman down. He wants to get out of pinched-in suits and into plus-fours—and to wear kid gloves instead of brass knuckles. In other words, he wants to play the gentleman. It's Cagney talking—and he says a mouthful

who slaps his women down, is through. People won't stand for them in reality, or on the screen any more. I want to take the rough edges off Jim Cagney, sandpaper his neck, get him out of those pinched-in suits, and put him in plus-fours . . . let him use his natural voice and forget the 'dese,' and 'dems' . . . and let him wear kid gloves instead of brass knuckles! But I'm having a devil of a time to get my studio to see it, for audiences don't even realize it, themselves.

"Not long ago the studio announced that they were going to 'clean up Jimmy Cagney's parts' — and what happened? Thousands and thousands of people wrote in and said, 'Don't! We like him as he is. Besides, we doubt if he ever could be a gentleman!' You see what I'm up against? Even if I did do a swell portrayal of a gentleman, they've seen me as a tough for so long that they'd think I was ham-acting! It's a neat problem, isn't it?"

(Continued on page 79)

TIME FOR LOVETIME

If Pat Paterson is a likeness of the favorite lady of the romantic Franz Schubert, then it's no wonder that he wrote those imperishable melodies. It's Pat, no less, who woos sweet music and honeyed words from Nils Asther, portraying the rôle of the great composer. Their Viennese serenade is called "Lovetime"



MEET US AT "THE FOUNTAIN"

You can look high, low, near and far for an actress capable of playing "The Fountain," but when your searching is done Ann Harding is your choice—as it was Hollywood's. Playing opposite Ann is Brian Aherne, who has just been engaged to appear with Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows"

Here, for the first time, MOVIE CLASSIC presents a new and different chapter in the life of Jean Harlow—one in which she is seen through the eyes of her mother, who has never granted an interview before



"BABY"—The Real JEAN HARLOW of Whom You've Never Heard

To you, Jean Harlow may be the screen's foremost exponent of sex appeal, but to her mother, Jean is just "Baby." I mean this literally. Never once in Jean's life has her mother called her by her given name. Even in speaking of her to others, she remains

the "Baby". Marino Bello, Jean's stepfather, likewise calls her "Baby." And, of course, the servants and tradespeople have picked it up, too. "Did the Baby like the cut of beef I sent yesterday?" the butcher asks the cook. "How about some nice roses for the Baby to-day?" inquires the florist when the chauffeur calls for fresh cut flowers. "Take this package up to the Baby's room," the butler orders the second maid.

This habit of speech is so commonplace in Jean's household that a servant once addressed her as "Miss Baby" instead of "Miss Jean," the customary form of direct salutation, and no one at the dinner table even noticed the *faux pas*.

However unusual this state of affairs may seem, let me tell you that Jean Harlow, though a seductive vamp in her screen dramas, is but a child in her private life—with a child's simplicity and directness. I hope I am destroying no illusions, but I do want you to know her as she really is.

Jean's bedroom adjoins her
(Continued on page 62)

BY JACK
GRANT

PASSES INSPECTION

"If I don't adjust the strap to the helmet," says Dick Powell to Ruby Keeler, "you won't pass inspection with me or our public." The popular co-stars are together again in "Flirtation Walk," a romance which presents Dick as a West Point cadet—and Ruby as his sweetheart. If the Navy can offer a happier combination, the Army would eat its rarin' mule for breakfast





BY
MARK
DOWLING

"I've Been So Naughty!"

—JEAN PARKER

America's New Sweetheart says she's naughty, hates to study, loves fairy stories and lives in a little dream world of her own. Which either makes Jean Parker something of a "Little Woman" in real life or an artful actress

We offer this amazing interview as one of the curiosities that occasionally come our way. Possibly, it was the interviewer who brought out the Little Girl in Jean Parker. Possibly, she is still under the Louisa May Alcott influence.—*Editor.*

BEFORE I met Jean Parker, I had been told that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is grooming her to be America's New Sweetheart, to follow in the golden footsteps of Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor. The process, I had heard, includes a guardian, reminiscent of the good old days of stage mothers, who chaperons Jean every minute, to keep her fresh, youthful bloom untouched. I had read, too, that studio heads had forbidden the publicizing of her romance with young Pancho Lucas (because America's Sweethearts are more successful when unattached); and I knew that all of Hollywood speaks of

her protectively and effectively as "Little Jean."

I, myself, had watched the cynical eyes of Ben Piazza, casting director at M-G-M, grow moist as he murmured, "There's nobody like her! She's what you'd want your daughter to be like!" Yet I was still totally unprepared for the overwhelming naïveté of Jean Parker in person.

She might have stepped from the pages of Laura Jean Libbey, curls and clasped hands and all. She might, on the other hand, have been a clever little actress, playing the rôle of America's New Sweetheart. She has a gift for making artless remarks, which are so amazingly artless that conversation becomes difficult, if not actually impossible, unless you've just read "Pollyanna" and know the answers. For example:

"*I've been so naughty to-day!*" she said, one minute after we met.

Coming from a mature-looking young woman who has
(Continued on page 56)



“There’s No Romance Between Garbo and Me”

—CARL BRISSON

Hollywood and the public are all wrong if they believe Carl Brisson and Garbo are *that way about each other*. The Danish actor only “knew her when”—many years ago in Stockholm. In this interview he silences the rumors and declares it’ll be the last time he will talk about the Swedish Sphinx

BY GRANT JACKSON

YOU either like Carl Brisson enormously or you do not like him at all. His is that kind of personality—extremely positive, seeking no middle ground. Now that I have met him and we have talked at length, I unreservedly cast my vote with the great majority who like him enormously.

More than just a figure of speech, this. Brisson is enormous, a regular mountain of a man. His features and physique are large—that wide, personable grin, periodically lighting up his face, that heavily muscled body, developed in his early days as a professional boxer. When he stopped fighting at twenty-four to turn actor, he was middle-weight champion of Europe.

I had heard a number of things about Brisson previous to meeting him. One thing in particular I heard and did not like—the charge that he was capitalizing upon his former friendship with Greta Garbo for personal publicity purposes. So many men have used Garbo to gain

publicity for themselves. It is an old and not a very praiseworthy Hollywood custom.

Our interview had run its usual course for several minutes—“How do you like America?” “I think it charming.”—“And American women?” “Even more charming.”—when Brisson suddenly asked, “Are you by any chance leading up to the inevitable questions concerning Greta Garbo and me? If so, I fear this interview must end.”

“Do you mean to say that you are averse to discussing Garbo?”

No More Garbo Talk From Brisson

I MEAN to say that I shall never again speak of her for publication. I have been frequently embarrassed by being called upon to answer questions about Miss Garbo. Because I did not wish to seem rude, I have been

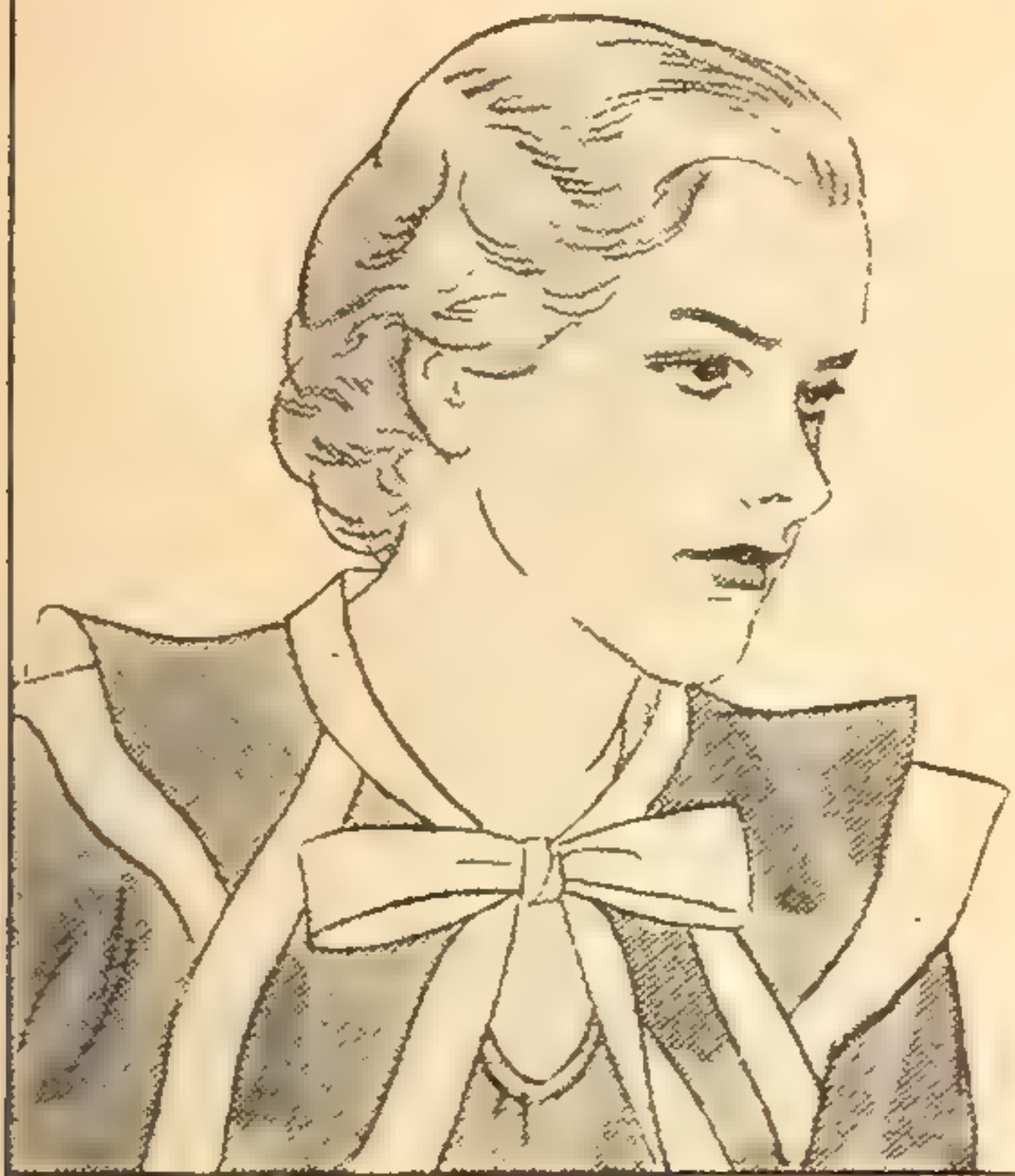
(Continued on page 58)

WHENEVER I THINK OVER
THE HANDICAPS NATURE
HANDED TO WOMEN, I
JUST BOIL.

I WOULDN'T TALK THAT
WAY, FRAN, ESPECIALLY
NOT AROUND A YOUNG
DAUGHTER

THAT'S JUST WHAT RILES
ME HERE GRACE IS JUST
TWELVE, AND HAS TO GO
THROUGH THIS MISERABLE
UNCOMFORTABLE TIME —
RUBBING...CHAFING ..

WHY, FRAN DEAR, WHY DON'T
YOU GET THAT CHILD A BOX
OF THE NEW KOTEX. IT'S
AS SOFT AS DOWN, AND...



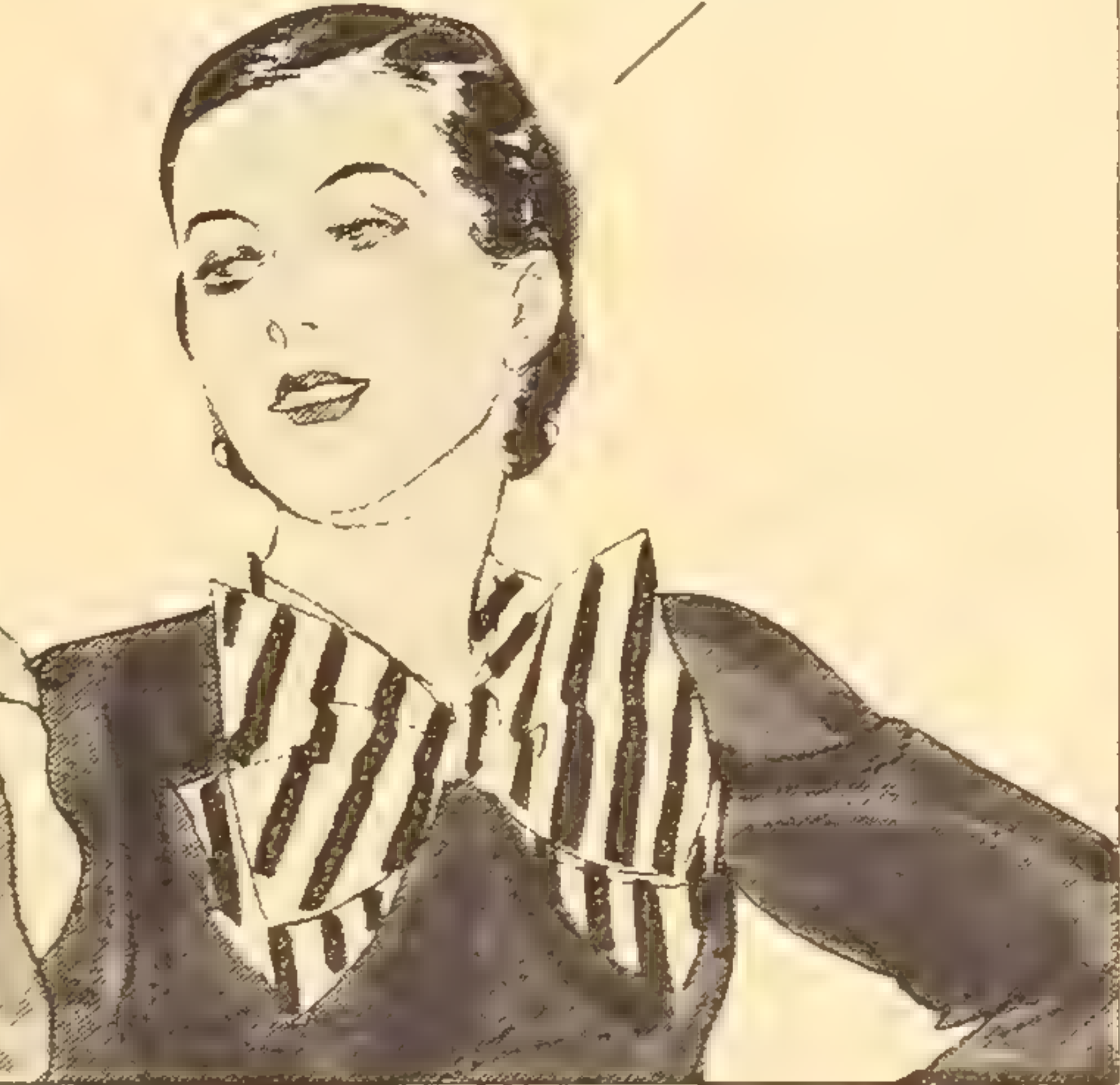
OH, THAT'S JUST AN
ADVERTISEMENT

ALL RIGHT, I'M GOING TO
GIVE YOU A BOX FOR HER
SHE'LL FIND IT'S A
DIFFERENT WORLD!

Later

GRACE GOING
TO A DANCE
TONIGHT?

YES. THANKS TO YOUR ADVICE
ABOUT KOTEX. — NEITHER
GRACE NOR I WOULD EVER
USE THE OTHER KIND



Illustrations and text copr. 1934, Kotex Co.

Here's new comfort...

NEW FREEDOM FROM EMBARRASSMENT FOR YOUR DAUGHTER

MOST women think chafing is inescapable. But with this new Wondersoft Kotex you forget about chafing entirely! Now sides are cushioned with fluffy cotton to keep them so gentle, so downy-soft, that even young girls, vigorous of motion and tender of skin, can find no fault. Sides remain dry and soft, yet top and bottom are free to absorb.

No twisting! No roping!

Many women wearing ordinary pads won't believe this possible! Maybe it is hard to realize that no other pad is like this one. This new Kotex, instead of twisting, roping and pulling, constantly readjusts itself to conform to the body. Activities formerly impossible become pleasant. Yet, with all this, the special center insures even greater protection, offers freedom from unthinkable accidents. This, of course, means security against soiled lingerie.

You wear it! Forget it!

Haven't you longed for just such a sanitary napkin as this? A Wondersoft pad? One that fits so snug that there are no telltale outlines under your clinging gowns? Wondersoft

Kotex is made for you women who want "forget-about-it" protection!

Buy Wondersoft Kotex at any store. Even the box doesn't look like an ordinary sanitary napkin package. And Super Kotex is now priced the same as regular size. In emergency, find Kotex in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.



FREE TO WOMEN!

Choice of two authoritative booklets on *Feminine Hygiene*. Check your choice on coupon below.

KOTEX CO., Room 2124B
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

- ☐ I should like a copy of "Health Facts on Menstruation."
- ☐ Send me "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday," for a child.



Signed _____

Address _____

City _____

Sally's pretty and Sally's smart!

She uses cosmetics as she always has but removes them thoroughly the Hollywood way . . . guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin!



SCREEN STARS are wise in the ways of loveliness! And thousands of clever girls all over the country are adopting Hollywood's beauty care to guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin—keep their complexions exquisite.

Have you seen warning signals of this distressing modern complexion trouble—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, dullness — blackheads, perhaps? No need to worry! Hollywood's beauty care—Lux Toilet Soap—will help you!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge

and powder in the pores day after day. When this happens, the pores gradually become clogged, distended—unable to function normally. Cosmetic Skin develops.

You needn't run this risk. Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries swiftly away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you apply fresh make-up during the day, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, remove stale make-up *thoroughly* the modern Lux Toilet Soap way. Then you protect your skin—keep it beautiful. You want the loveliness that makes a girl attractive to everyone who sees her!



Yes, indeed I use cosmetics! But by removing them regularly with **Lux Toilet Soap** I guard against Cosmetic Skin



MIRIAM HOPKINS
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "SHE LOVES ME NOT"

LIPS THAT MAKE A MAN SAY "will you?"



Colorful, yet never coated with paint

THESE are the lips that men long to kiss. Soft, natural lips. Never coated with red paint. Simply alluring with natural-looking color . . . color that you, too, can have by using the lipstick which isn't paint.

Tangee contains a color-change principle which makes it intensify the natural coloring in your lips . . . so much so, that men think Tangee color is your own!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. But on your lips, it changes to rose—the one shade of blush-rose most natural for your type!

Moreover, Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens dry, peeling lips. Stays on all day. Get Tangee—39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)



UNTOUCHED — Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look..make the face seem older.

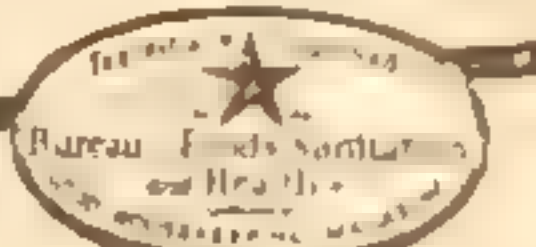
PAINTED — Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE — Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Cheeks mustn't look painted, either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives same natural color as the lipstick. Now in refillable gun-metal case. Tangee Refills save money.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.



World's Most Famous Lipstick TANGEE ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MP104
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

"I've Been So Naughty!"

(Continued from page 51)

—Jean Parker

worked in Hollywood studios for nearly two years, this confession had all the effect of a knock-out. Mrs. Wright, Jean's guardian, filled the silence.

"Not really naughty," said Mrs. Wright, reproachfully. "You're never really naughty, Jean."

"Oh, I was so naughty!" the star insisted, with a lovely laugh.

Mrs. Wright admitted, "Perhaps we should have studied the lines longer last night." (The "naughtiness" apparently had something to do with Jean's slipping up on her day's lines.)

Jean pouted, "Oh, dear, I hate to study!"

Again Mrs. Wright was ahead of me with the answer. (Mrs. Wright, we'll bet, had recently brushed up on "Little Women" or "Elsie Dinsmore.")

"You don't really hate to study," said Mrs. Wright. "You're really a good girl."

Compliments fly constantly between these two. They first met, we learned, at the home of Mrs. Koverman, Jean's discoverer and sponsor. Their liking was mutual and instantaneous. Mrs. Wright had just lost her husband; Jean was new and strange in the studio.

"I expected an awful old dragon when they told me about a guardian," Jean giggled. "But when I saw who my guardian was, I couldn't help rushing and hugging her. I never dreamed I would find a person I could love so much."

Mrs. Wright added, "Once we were separated for four whole days, and I could hardly wait to get back to my Jean. She is the most wonderful little girl in the world."

Mrs. Wright lives with the star, comes to the studio with her, sits opposite her during interviews, and spends almost every waking moment in her company. "She is, in a way, my mother," Jean says. (She is also the mother of two sons, one of whom works in the M-G-M publicity department.)

Her Favorite Occupation

I WONDERED, next, how the star occupies her time when not being naughty at the studio.

"I love reading fairy stories," she told me in a fresh, clear voice.

By now, my silence had been more or less accepted, and Jean continued, "'Green Mansions' is one of my favorite books—I especially love the part where the mother turns into a white flower."

"Green Mansions," by W. H. Hudson, is not strictly a fairy story, but a fantasy that is one of the gems of modern literature. Dolores Del Rio has been mentioned for the screen version.

"I love the real fairy stories for children, too," Jean admitted, and named one or two. She is, you see, a lonely person. She lives a great deal, she admitted (with a pretty blush), "in a little dream world of my own."

"I don't like the modern world very much," she confided. "Boys and girls of my own age seem unstable and too highly sophisticated. I don't like to see girls smoke. I don't like to see them lead boys on, just to have beaux. I adore the sort of stories Mary Pickford used to make for the screen. I want to play parts like that, myself. I feel at home in them. I love old-fashioned things. I'm really just an old-fashioned girl."

I wondered, out loud, if the star's home is decorated to match the personality.

"I think everyone appreciates the modern conveniences," Mrs. Wright reproved me, "but Jean's own room is a quaint little place with a canopy over her bed, and dotted Swiss all around."

Although publicity men give the impression that the star is very young, indeed (her

actual age is not disclosed), she is in appearance a beautiful and mature young woman. She was discovered when she posed in a bathing suit for a poster. In her early life, she knew trouble and hardships. She worked for her education by being a mother's helper after school hours. She knows the embarrassment and pain of family strife. To such, knowledge usually comes quickly. It is almost unbelievable that Jean seems as if she'd just stepped out of a nursery—and a very sheltered, Victorian nursery at that. She seems the quaint, old-fashioned child, with sadness in her laughing eyes.

Her rôle of the little crippled girl in "Have a Heart," who looks on wistfully while others dance, is reflected in her own life, as she described it to me. She hasn't much chance for fun. Not that Mrs. Wright is a strict chaperon. ("There's no need to be strict with an angel like Jean!" that lady assured me.)

"I'm almost always at the studio," the little star explained. "I get up at six-thirty and I often work until nine o'clock at night. Then I go home and have supper and go right to bed." She hasn't been to a dance in four months. She rarely sees a movie.

She seems, perhaps designedly, a pathetic, lonely figure in the intense sociability of studio life. She is said to have an agreement with Pancho Lucas not to go out with others for five years, at the end of which time, if they still share love's young dream, they will marry. The romantic story is that this boy was a rich man's son in Pasadena when Jean was working as a mother's helper. Now she's at the top, and his family has suffered financial losses.

"I do love dancing with him!" she told me when we were discussing her dislike of young people in general. But when asked about Mr. Lucas in particular, she was like a child reciting a well-learned lesson as she said, primly, "I-feel-that-he-hasn't-seen-enough-of-the-world, or—met-enough-other-girls, to-know-what-he-really-wants."

In Mary's and Janet's Class

JEAN has other claims to the position of America's New Sweetheart beside her remarkable naïveté. Ben Piazza, the aforementioned chief casting director at M-G-M, told me, "There are more calls from other studios wanting to borrow Jean Parker than there are for any actress on this lot. Every producer in Hollywood seems to have two or three rôles that only Jean can play. Her wholesome characterizations are what Hollywood needs right now, but how often do you find a girl who combines such emotional appeal with real acting ability? I can name only Mary Pickford, Janet Gaynor, and now Jean Parker."

Her friends are worrying about how her shoulders will bear the burdens of stardom. They might remember that beneath all their sweetness these homespun girls seem to have sharp little minds and to know what it's all about. Mary Pickford's business sense enabled her to sign the first million-dollar contract in the movies. Year after year, Janet Gaynor remains the most popular star in pictures. As for Jean—

We were discussing the recent attacks on movies, as everyone in Hollywood is these days, and the demand of the public for clean pictures suitable for children.

"Oh, I want to please children," Jean said. "I love children. I know they like me. If you're kind and good, I think they have to like you."

Then she added with quiet confidence, "This is the psychological moment for me to come along, all right!" And there was a beam (of light) on her shoulder. . . .


Not all gas jets were alike either



There were gas jets and gas jets back in the days when father went about the house at dusk with a wax taper on a cherry wood handle. And poor jets wasted gas forty years ago just as inefficient lamps waste electricity today—by being spendthrifts at the meter and misers at the point of illumination.

The user of electricity, unlike the user of inefficient gas jets, cannot see how wastefully his lighting dollar is being spent. He must rely upon the integrity and reliability of the manufacturer whose lamp he buys. As a guide to those who want good light at low cost, the General Electric Company points

to its monogram as a sure way to avoid the uncertainties, both in light output and length of life, of inferior lamps.

Lamps that bear this mark  do not waste current, blacken quickly or burn out prematurely . . . Because their uniform high quality is rigidly guarded by 480 different inspections, tests and processes. *Buy a carton of six NOW. Fill your empty sockets for the long winter evenings ahead. Remember, lamps are most often needed when stores are closed.* General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

READ **FREE** OFFER BELOW



He'll remember **YOUR EYES**

Did they say:

"Come Again?"

YOUR eyes are your fortune—your chance to charm or repel. Long, lovely lashes are fascinating. You can glorify your eyes in 40 seconds with Winx, the super-mascara.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

For Lovely Eyes

WINX

Darkens lashes perfectly



FREE

Merely send

Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS, M. C.-10
243 W. 17th St., New York City

Name

Street

City

State

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

There's No Romance Between Garbo and Me

—Carl Brisson

(Continued from page 52)

led into statements that have been wildly distorted by interviewers. When you know that I was hardly more than a bridegroom when I knew Greta, you will realize that we enjoyed no *affaire du cœur*, despite the suppositions to the contrary.

"I do not even know where Greta resides in Hollywood. Yet a local columnist recently published a story about a man who had been arrested upon her complaint that he was trying to break into her home. At the studio, I was told that he meant me. This columnist printed a retraction after learning that neither Garbo nor myself had figured in the affair. But, meanwhile, I had reached the decision never again to talk of the Greta I once knew. Imagine the embarrassment to my wife if this sort of thing is to continue!"

Later, the writer discovered that the story of attempted housebreaking, incidentally, actually concerned Marlene Dietrich and a Danish admirer. Because the man was a Dane, he was confused with Brisson, a fellow-countryman. Because of the publicized romance between Garbo and Brisson, the yarn was twisted to fit them.

I pointed out to Carl Brisson that his only hope of avoiding re-occurrences of similar gossip was to authorize one final and complete story that would reveal the truth of the situation. Hollywood people learned long ago that it takes fire to fight fire successfully. Silence is construed as an admission of guilt, and, out here, everyone is held guilty unless proven innocent.

"Perhaps you are right," he replied. "I will tell you the true story and you will write *finis* to the whole episode. I will then say to anyone else who asks me—'it has been printed before. It is no longer—how do you call it?—a scoop. It is old stuff.'"

"Allow me to tell in beginning," he volunteered, "that my association with Greta Garbo would never have been known in this country had not Greta's uncle in Sweden spoken of it to a journalist, now in Hollywood. After his story appeared, dozens of other writers came to ask accusingly, 'What do you know of Garbo?' Much to my consternation I found myself being called The Man in Garbo's Past.

"This is a bit absurd. Greta Gustafson was merely a child when I first met her. Within her burned the fire of great ambition. She wanted to go upon the stage. She became Mauritz Stiller's pupil in the school he established in connection with the Royal Theatre in Stockholm.

"Stiller had encouraged me to leave the boxing ring and seek a career on the stage. I had won the middle-weight championship of Europe and a certain popularity. Having a love of singing and dancing, I opened a cabaret in Stockholm, meanwhile studying with Stiller. He urged me on to more ambitious achievements and changed my name from Carl Peterson to Carl Brisson, just as I suppose he changed Greta Gustafson to Greta Garbo.

"It is with the greatest difficulty that I reconcile the Greta I knew with the Garbo of today," he explained. "I cannot believe she is the same person. She used to be so fun-loving. She would laugh for the pure joy of laughing."

"Part of her exclusiveness from Hollywood I can understand. This was the training Stiller gave us all. 'Do not let your public see too much of you,' he would say, 'lest people grow tired of seeing you.'"

There have been countless arguments as to who has been Garbo's adviser and creator of her Swedish Sphinx act. It is gen-

erally conceded that Harry Edington, her manager for many years, was the man behind the throne. Now it appears that she has been carrying on the creed of her discoverer, Mauritz Stiller.

"That famous expression of Garbo's, 'I tank I go home now,'" Brisson continued, "might possibly have come from Stiller. It was his stock phrase of disapproval. Often I have heard him say, 'This is so very bad, I think I will go now.'"

"The Greta I knew is a quite remote, although charming memory. I cannot contrast her with the Garbo she has become for the simple reason I do not know the present Garbo. As your Will Rogers says, all I know is what I read in the papers. If I may be permitted a general conclusion, however, I will say that everything I read is in direct contrast with what I remember. And no one could have changed so completely.

"Oddly enough," he added, "I did not know that Greta Gustafson was the world-famous Greta Garbo until a few years ago. I had seen two Garbo pictures, but she had grown so much thinner since coming to America so that I did not recognize her.

"I nearly made a picture with her once, you know. When Stiller was planning 'Gosta Berling,' he wanted me for the leading rôle. I was unable to get out of another previous contract and was forced to refuse the part. It was 'Gosta Berling' that brought both Stiller and Garbo to the attention of American producers and eventually to Hollywood. Lars Hansen played the male lead.

"When I had to go to London to fulfil my engagement, I said farewell to my friend and teacher, Mauritz, and I did not see him again until a fortnight before he died.

"Greta did me the honor of calling upon me backstage some three or four years ago when I had to make a personal appearance in Stockholm. But she had to say, 'Don't you know me, Carl?' before I knew that Greta Gustafson had become Greta Garbo. I have not seen her since."

"Hasn't she called you up since you have been in Hollywood?"

"No," Brisson replied. "I was telephoned one day by someone who said she was Garbo and wished to welcome me to California. Our conversation was quite short and it was probably a practical joker trying to make fun with me.

"I do not make advances upon former acquaintanceships. My friends are aware that I am here. If they want to see me, they look me up. If they do not want to see me, why should I look them up?"

"I am not much of a social light. Since I have been here I have gone four times to public cafes, nowhere else. I entertain in my own home and have my own group of friends, mostly new friends. Perhaps this, again, is the Stiller training.

"It is with the greatest reluctance that I have told you what I have regarding Miss Garbo. I assure you that if I did not believe that by telling the whole truth I would end the silly reports currently circulating, I would not speak of it at all. I guarantee it is the very last time I shall mention her name in an interview."

Carl Brisson has had only one Hollywood-made picture released, "Murder at the Vanities." He will soon start a second, "All the King's Horses."

I did Brisson injustice in believing that he was capitalizing upon Garbo to gain publicity. What he has told us in this story should leave no room for further doubt.

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Miss Marjorie Bushman is assistant in a doctor's office, a kind of work which requires intelligence, energy and plenty of tact. She likes her occupation because, as she says, "you're always learning something new."

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Janet Gaynor Denies Ten Rumors

(Continued from page 27)

would be the most marvelous thing in the world if I were a mother—but I'm not. I adore children. I still have all my own baby dolls. I'm going to have a baby if I ever marry again." Later she added, "Wouldn't it be marvelous if I *did* have a little three-year-old running around?" And if you could have seen her eyes, you'd know she would never hide her baby in secret, if she had one.

Those Romance Rumors

THE second rumor: Janet has been having a romance with almost every eligible young man in town, and one who is not eligible. These are the romance rumors accorded every attractive actress in Hollywood, and Janet gives a blanket denial of them.

"I'm not in love and I'm not planning to be married for a long time," she says, and the fact that she is planning a three months' tour of Europe with her mother very soon is further evidence, friends point out, that she is now heart-free.

The third rumor: Janet is desperately unhappy about her film rôles, and longs to play sophisticated parts such as are given Joan Crawford, Garbo, and Marlene Dietrich. This is one of the most widespread of the rumors, and hundreds of stories have been printed on the subject.

"I realize I am the only star playing this type of characterization," Janet explains in her denial, "and since the public likes it, it would be foolish for me to change. Most of the 'Gaynor Revolt' stories started when I objected to 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.' I don't mind playing naive girls, but I will not play *dumb* ones! Naturally, I'm not so naive myself as when I first began making pictures in Hollywood. I would feel hypocritical and absurd playing the 'Oh—Ah!' type of innocence I used to portray. I have grown up gradually in my screen characterizations, though Hollywood will never realize it because this town cannot see any subtler distinction than the one between a fresh-from-the-country farm girl and a big-city sophisticate."

The fourth rumor: She is a keen business woman who manages her own business affairs and tends to her investments, etc. This rumor may have started because writers could not resist the delightful contrast between Janet of the screen and Janet as a shrewd Hetty Green in private life.

She's Not a Hetty Green

"**M**Y business affairs are managed for me by my mother and my lawyer," Janet scotches this rumor once and for all. "I know absolutely nothing about stocks and bonds, and I probably wouldn't be able to tell a good investment from a bad one."

The fifth rumor: Janet is keenly unhappy because Hollywood is more interested in Garbo (to name just one) than in herself. Janet's pictures break box-office records in every country in the world, but in the vicinity of Hollywood, which fancies itself highly sophisticated, they are not so popular.

"I don't blame Hollywood for not being terribly interested in me," she admits as matter-of-factly as if she were speaking of a stranger. "I know I'd be more interested in Garbo myself. *It makes me furious, though, when people expect me to act like a dumbbell simply because I specialize in naive parts on the screen.*"

The sixth rumor: Janet lives in solitary hermit fashion avoiding picture people as sedulously as Garbo.

"I don't dislike picture people and I don't try to play the hermit," is Janet's frank reply to this rumor. "I think nothing is more absurd than making your living out

of a place and then high-hatting it. I have many friends, but it just happens that most of them are not connected with movies. I do avoid reporters because my words have so often been twisted to mean something I did not mean when I said them. That's how so many of these notions about me started."

The seventh rumor: She is a czar on her home lot, dictating her stories and directors with a power unequalled in Hollywood.

"If I tried to choose my own stories I'd have time for nothing else," Janet laughs. (If the gossips could appreciate Janet's keen sense of humor, which gives her a delightfully common-sense basis in discussing herself, half the rumors would never have started.) "I don't believe stars who dictate their stories and direction are ever very successful. I find it's a full-time job being an actress. My stories are chosen for me, though naturally the studio would not force me to play any rôle I could not believe in. Just when I'm supposed to find time for these many activities is a mystery. I reach the studio at eight in the morning and work until five. My hours used to be even longer, but I found myself so tired at the end of the day that I often went right to bed after a rub-down and supper. Now I have dinner with my mother or two or three friends, and usually am in bed by ten. Saturday nights I go to parties. I have been working hard the past year to improve my voice, reading aloud by the hour and studying diction."

The eighth rumor: Off the screen Gaynor is a drab little thing with no attraction for men. This is one of the most absurd of the rumors and can only be believed by those who haven't met her. There is an added attraction in her personal appearance which the camera fails to catch. Her eyes look bigger, darker, and her smile flashes more brilliantly. There is a devilish gleam in her eyes and an allure in her lips and small, cleft chin which bowl the boys right over.

The ninth rumor: She is painfully unsophisticated—a prim little person who refuses to smoke or drink.

Lives a Normal Life

JANET has never smoked on the screen because it didn't fit her rôles—there has been no set plan on the part of the studio to forbid it. Privately she lives the life of a highly successful and intelligent young business woman, with a well-paid chauffeur, a personal maid, a cook, and a private hairdresser who travels with her wherever she goes. Her escort is often Gene Raymond or one or two young men not connected with pictures. Just as often she goes to parties with her mother, or by herself.

Her personality is a strange blend of artless unsophistication and of mature understanding. She said to me, "I'm too normal to be much fun writing about—like the saying that it's not news if a dog bites a man, but if a man bites a dog, it *is* news," and from her tone she might have just discovered this moth-eaten proverb.

She has a lively sense of humor and rarely speaks without smiling. Before the camera she can call up the most infectious high spirits with seeming effortlessness.

The tenth rumor: She is in love with Charles Farrell. This match was decreed by the public after "Seventh Heaven," and even though both Janet and Charlie married, even though Charlie is still happily married, the fans still refuse to believe that the "affair" will not reach a conclusion before a minister. Janet has denied this story again and again. Now she says with a humorous shrug, "This rumor might be called the Great American Myth!"—which is a good enough denial for anybody.

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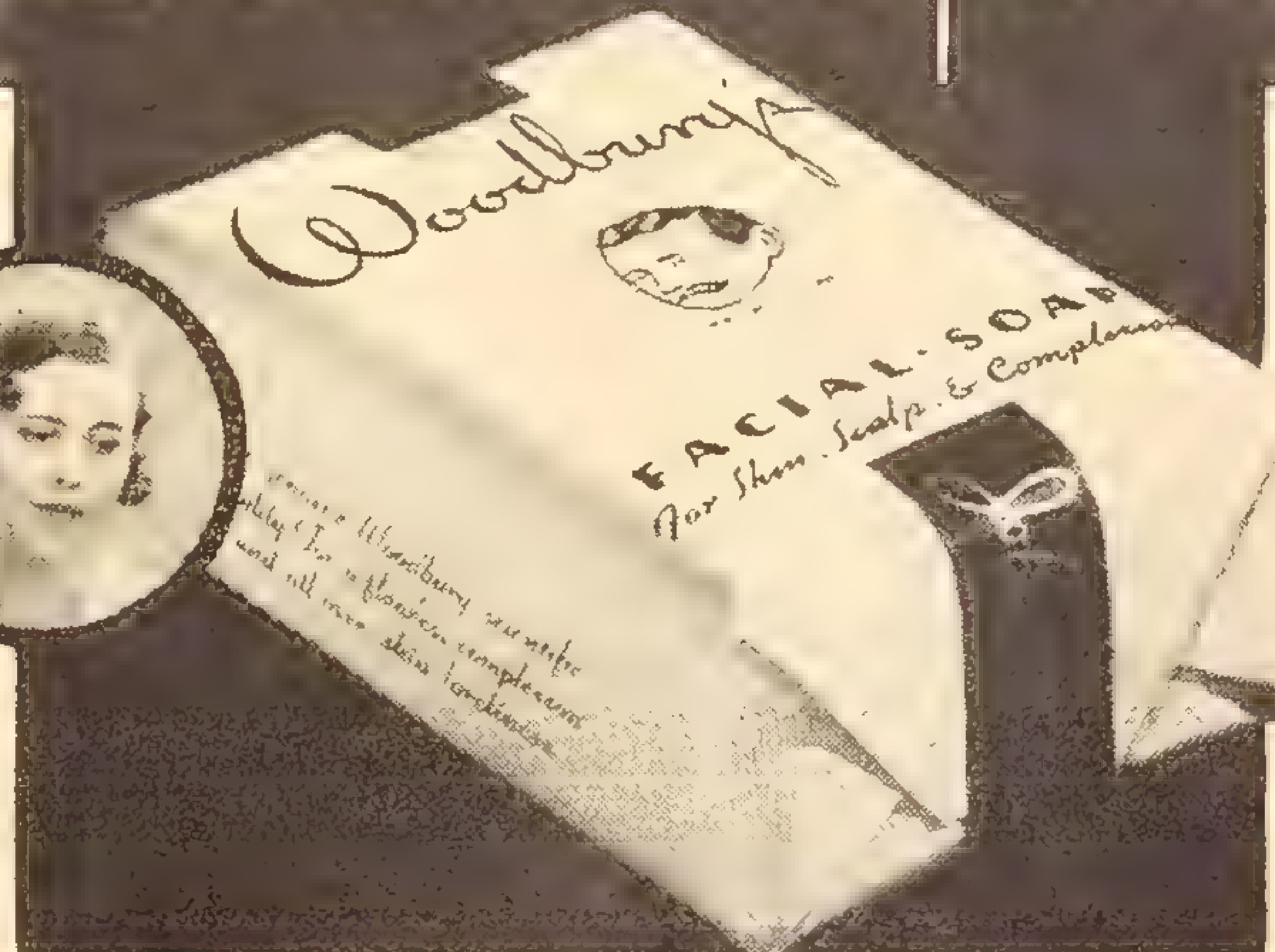
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Do you ride—or do equally strenuous things—or wish you *could* at times when even being on your feet means pain or discomfort? Midol might end this handicap for you—might lead you to give it every bit as strong an endorsement as above. Why not *try* it? Midol acts immediately, and is effective several hours.

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If you decide to try this remarkable form of relief for periodic pain, remember the name of this special medicine—and remember that Midol is a special medicine for this special purpose. Do not take instead, some tablet that is made for aches and pains in general, and expect the same results. Ask the druggist for *Midol*.

"Baby"—The Real Jean Harlow of Whom You've Never Heard

(Continued from page 49)

mother's in the home they have built in Bel Air. She uses her own bedroom only to dress, but sleeps in an extra bed in her mother's quarters. Frequently in the early morning hours she leaves her bed to crawl in with mother. Jean has never conquered her childish aversion to the dark. She isn't afraid. She just doesn't like being alone at night. But, for that matter, she doesn't care much about being alone at any time. Her mother is her constant companion. And if you should see them together, you would take them more as chums than as mother and daughter.

Jean's mother married at eighteen. She was twenty when Baby was born, twenty-three years ago. The child was christened Harlean, a euphonious combination of the mother's maiden name, Jean Harlow. But she was never called anything other than Baby and until the last five years, her mother was Mama Jean. Mrs. Bello wanted her Baby. A daughter of wealth, a girl whose every wish and whim had been immediately gratified by indulgent parents, she became an astonishingly splendid mother. Casting aside all social contacts that threatened to interfere, she dedicated her whole existence to this tow-headed infant that was put in her arms.

"As a little tot she was never punished," Mrs. Bello told me. "I never corrected her. I found it sufficient simply to say, 'Mother would rather you didn't do that.'" And by this method Mama Jean won the confidence and respect of her Baby. Under this guidance Jean Harlow developed her outstanding characteristics—complete honesty and fairness.

I once heard a chap attempt to pay Jean a compliment. It was an exceedingly clumsy tribute. "Since I have known you," this fellow remarked, "I have grown to dislike ———" And he named a girl who has been bitterly unkind to Jean.

"I'm sorry you said that," she replied. "You were once a good friend of hers. She needs her friends, for she is a very lonely, very unhappy person. Be nice to her always, please."

Fair Play From Jean

GRACIOUS fairness is reflected in an attitude such as this. Jean was not talking for publication. She will probably be sorry I have mentioned the incident here. Other women have long attacked Jean Harlow because she is the type of girl of whom all women are secretly jealous. Yet she continues, serenely, to ignore the attacks by minding her own business and refusing to stoop to petty bickering.

"As a little girl," her mother said, "Baby was taught what was right and what was wrong by my telling her stories that appealed to her intelligence. I would relate stories containing problems similar to her own and ask her what she would do in these circumstances. By solving the problems of others, she found solutions for her own. And her judgment, however immature, was seldom incorrect. My father has always adored Baby, but he never spoiled her. In many ways, he was closer to her than her own daddy. Much of the philosophical attitude she holds toward life to-day is a result of his teaching. He once told her that life was like a big department store with a price tag on everything. She could buy whatever she wanted, he said, providing she had the price to pay for it. But she must remember that nothing was free. The bill would someday be presented and it would

do no good to protest the necessity for payment. I know Baby has never forgotten. I have heard her say many times, 'Well, I bought it.'

"I am very proud and equally grateful for the good health Baby enjoys. It is a mental as well as a bodily good health. The world may believe what it pleases about the Baby, but I know her for what she is—and I am completely satisfied. No mother could say more."

Not Exploited By Mother

KNOWING of the devotion that binds them together, critics have jumped to ill-drawn conclusions based, probably, upon the popular conception of movie mamas. I have heard it said that Jean's mother was exploiting her daughter for monetary gain, that her interference prohibited Jean from indulging in normal social life, that she was the direct cause of Jean's two divorces. There have been other unpleasant statements, all of which have undoubtedly reached Mrs. Bello's ears as well as mine. I know that she needs no defense. Jean Harlow is a screen actress because she wanted to be, not because of any urging from her mother. As a matter of fact, her mother once fled Hollywood to escape a persistent movie scout. Jean was fifteen at the time and in high school.

"I have always looked older than my years," Jean says. "In school I appeared quite matured. Just before graduation, I noticed a man hanging around outside the building every day as classes ended. One day he followed me home. He asked to see mother and presented credentials that identified him as a talent scout for one of the larger studios. Mama Jean, satisfied that he presented good credentials listened to the proposal that I come to his studio for a test. He was sure that a fine contract would be arranged.

"But how do you know she can act?" Mama Jean protested. "She can be taught to act," the man replied. "We can get all the actresses we want. What we need are personalities." Many mothers would have welcomed such a chance to put their daughters in pictures. But not mine. She was of the opinion that I was too young to work. She would not stand in my way if I wanted a career later—when I was old enough to know my mind. Consequently I never even took the test. We left Hollywood immediately for St. Louis and did not return until after I had married."

This episode in Jean Harlow's life has never been told before. I offer it in refutation of the charge that Jean's mother has exploited her daughter for personal gain. As to the other accusations of interference in Jean's social and married life, I have heard Jean say many times, "I would rather be with my mother than any other living being I know. She offers me the only true understanding and companionship I have ever known. I have experienced a great deal of unhappiness, even bitter tragedy, all of which my mother has shared because she is my mother. Merely the knowledge that she stood beside me has been a solace when I have needed solace. I will never be able to pay what I owe her even in the tribute due her."

The Price of Stardom

FORTUNATELY, both Jean and her mother have become accustomed to idle rumors and gossip. They accept what may be said about Jean as a part of the price of



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DOROTHY JORDAN, *petite young RKO-Radio star, has a big future ahead of her. Between pictures she loves to relax at her beautiful home in Palos Verdes.*

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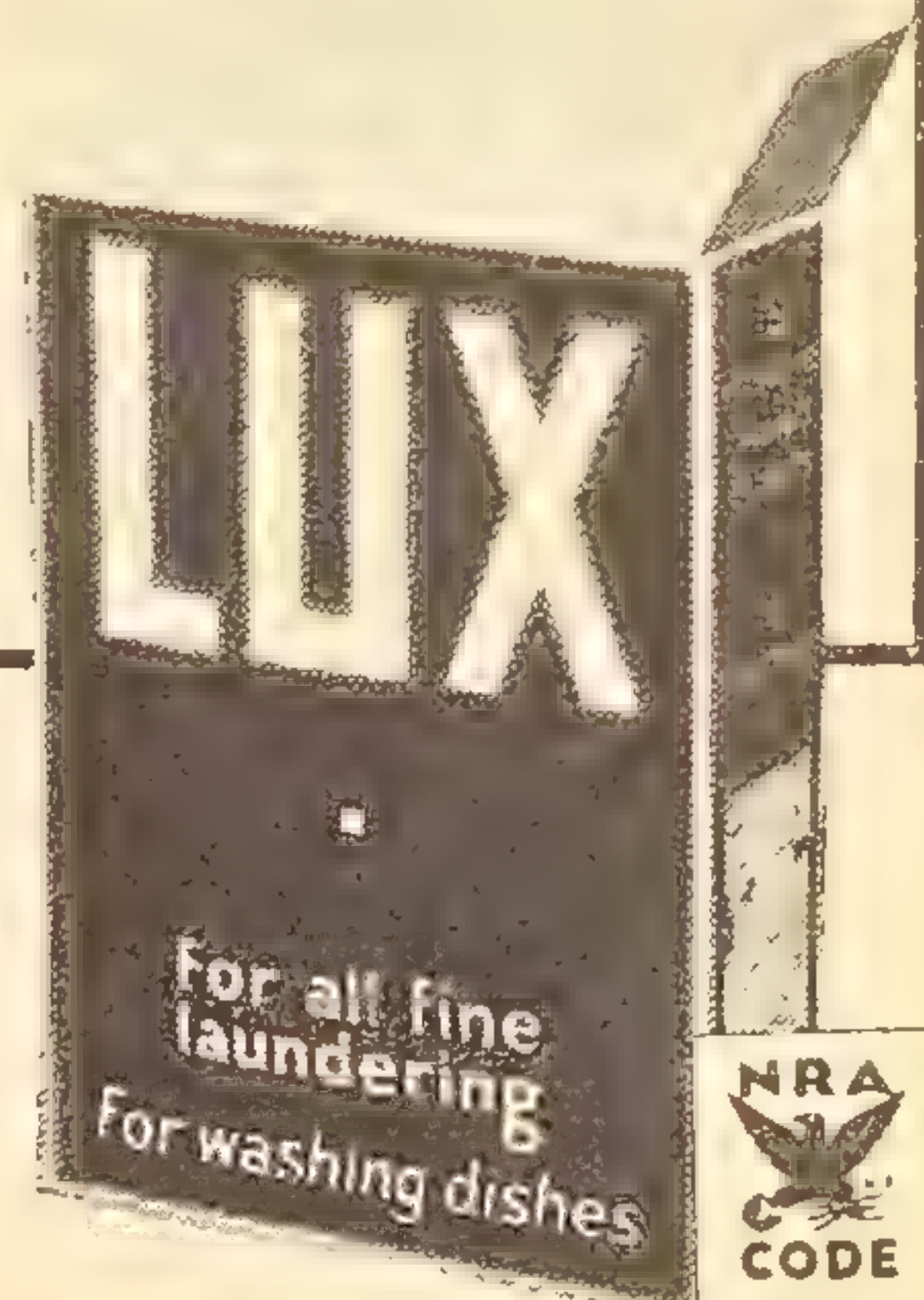
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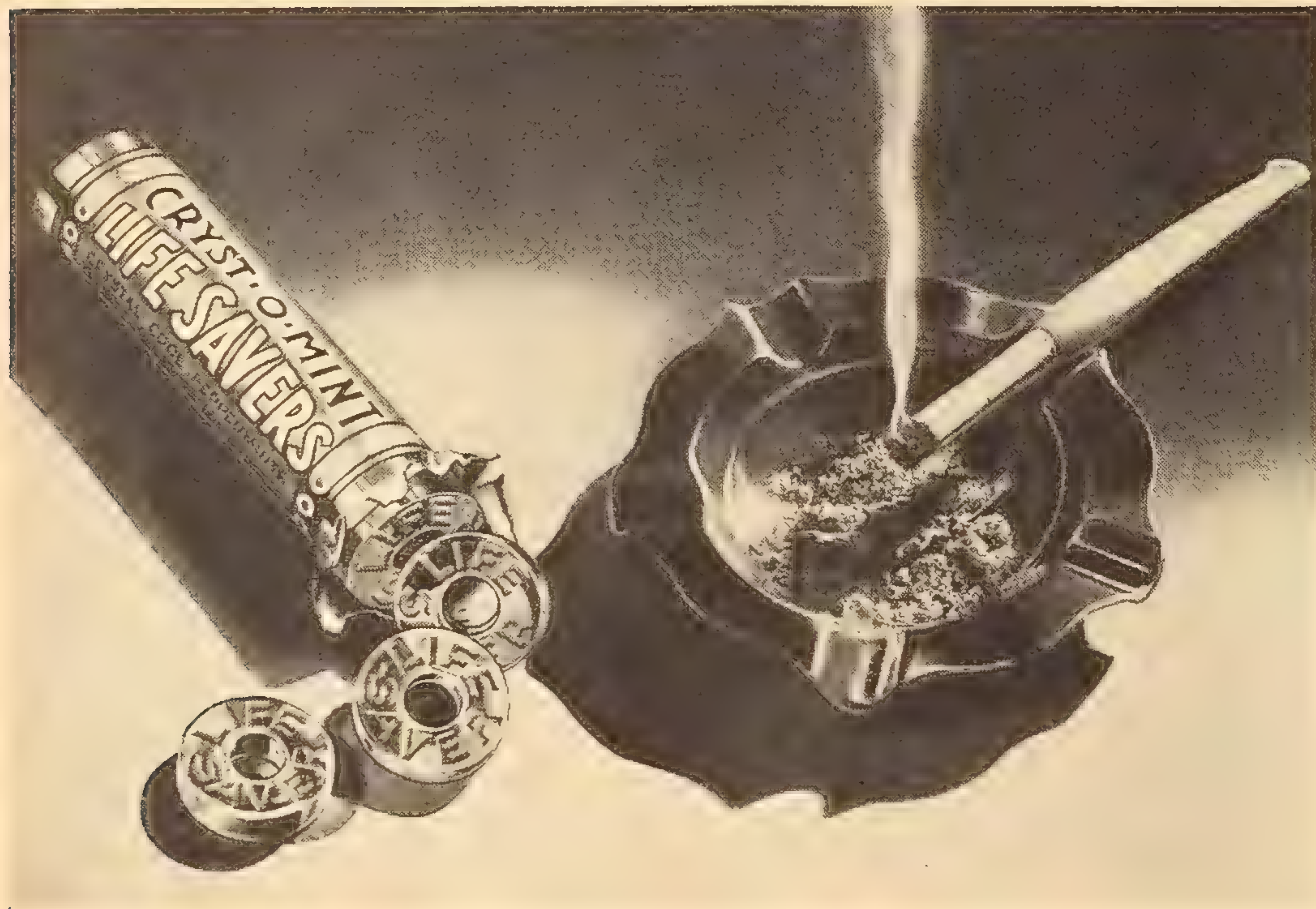
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Advertisements give you glowing truthful pictures of products that please

"Baby"—The Real Jean Harlow of Whom You've Never Heard

(Continued from page 62)

her stardom. They conduct their lives according to their own standards, which is as much as anyone can do. Yet it must have been a shock for a sensitive and cultured woman to have awakened one morning to find that, overnight, her daughter had become the "wickedest girl in the world." A rôle in a single movie changed everything. And Jean was only seventeen when she played "Hell's Angels."

"Immediately, Baby's screen reputation threatened to affect her private life," Mrs. Bello told me. "Her marriage had been kept secret upon the advice of her studio, so even the protection of a married name was denied her.

"I will never forget the morning I received a telephone call at seven o'clock from a well-meaning acquaintance. This gentleman informed me that the Baby had spent the night at a Hollywood carousal. He asked my permission to bring her home. Now it so happened that I had sat up most of the night with Baby. She had tonsillitis and had been running a high fever. I told my caller of his mistake and thanked him for his interest.

"There is no use trying to deceive me," he replied. "I know how you must feel. But I saw her enter the apartment across the hall with my own eyes and I can hear her voice now as I talk to you. The party is still going on. I'll bring her home if you say so and you can trust my discretion not to speak of it to anyone else."

"That angered me slightly. My word was being questioned. I asked the gentleman to listen carefully for the voice he thought was Baby's and then drive over to our house. When he arrived, I took him up to the room where Baby lay asleep. It is a wonder that his gasp of astonishment did not awaken her! That was my first experience with unfounded gossip. Since then I have become quite inured to it. Do you know that twice I have been confronted with 'proof' of the Baby's death and, once, in New York, I was summoned by the police to get a Jean Harlow out of jail? You have to learn to laugh such things off or life isn't worth living.

Hair Not Dyed

"STRANGELY enough the report that Baby's hair is dyed is the one that never fails to annoy me. It is such a little thing compared to the graver charges that are hurled against her character. Yet it is, as they say, my pet peeve. Silly, isn't it?"

"This is the first interview I have ever given about the Baby," Mrs. Bello concluded. "I want to repeat my most vehement denial that she was ever a brunette. I have seen printed statements attributed to her former schoolmates that say her hair, when in school, was raven black. These statements are absolutely untrue. Her father's hair is nearly as light as her own and I am a blonde, too. All during her school days, she was teased about her hair. You have only to see her hair to know that it has not been coarsened by dye. It is so fine in texture—almost as fine as her character. I am completely satisfied with her as she is!" So here you have a Jean Harlow you've never known before—a Jean Harlow seen through the eyes of her mother, who stanchly defends her daughter's character and silences the gossips who viciously or carelessly malign her.

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Color Harmony Make-Up Gives Beauty Romantic Appeal

POWDER... To create a satin-smooth make-up that harmonizes with Carole Lombard's blonde colorings, Max Factor's Rachelle Face Powder is the color harmony shade. Soft in texture, even in color, and clinging . . . it imparts to the skin a radiant beauty.



ROUGE... Now a touch of Max Factor's Blonden Rouge to give the attraction of delicate color to the cheeks. Harmonizing in color, and creamy-smooth in texture, it blends perfectly . . . and actually looks like a glow of natural color.



LIPSTICK... To give emphasis to the natural color appeal of the lips, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes the color harmony ensemble. And it's moisture-proof lip make-up . . . the color remains permanent and uniform for hours.



© 1934. Max Factor

BEAUTY'S secret of attraction is color . . . for it is color that has an exciting emotional appeal.

This appeal of color has been captured in a new kind of make-up . . . Color Harmony Make-Up . . . created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Face powder, rouge and lipstick are harmonized in color to emphasize the alluring color attraction of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

You, too, can enhance the attraction of your beauty with color harmony make-up . . . for now you may share the luxury of the personal make-up for Carole Lombard and the host of other Hollywood's stars. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by all the leading stores.

Max Factor * Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP

Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick . . . IN COLOR HARMONY

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR . . . HOLLYWOOD
JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-pg. illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" . . . Free. 3-10-77

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASTIES Color	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	



A NEW KURLASH TO MAKE YOUR LASHES MORE

Alluring



Irene Ware, now appearing in the 20th Century picture, "The Firebrand"



NO HEAT
NO COSMETICS
NO PRACTICING

It's your eyes that a man looks at first . . . and last . . . and pretty nearly always. And no eyes are really beautiful unless the lashes are lovely too. Kurlash gives your lashes that upward sweep that seems the most enchanting thing in the world. The new, improved Kurlash does it with greater ease than ever. Kurlash costs \$1, and if your own drug or department store doesn't have it, we'll send it direct.

THE NEW,
IMPROVED

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, New York
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Play A Tune In 10 Minutes

On your Spanish Guitar, Uke, Tenor Banjo, Mandolin or Banjo Mandolin. No knowledge of music necessary. No practice. Play first by number, then by note. Simply attach E-Z Player to your favorite instrument—press numbered keys and play.



FREE

Instruction book with numbered tunes and chords comes with every E-Z Player. Start playing popular tunes by number right off the reel. Be the life of the party—the center of attraction—a radio star. Don't wait. Write today for 3-Day Free Trial Offer and Special Guitar Values. A postcard will do.
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NEW WRITERS INVITED**
Cash Payments Advanced Writers of Songs
Used and publication secured. Send us any likely material (Words or Music) for consideration today.
Radio Music Guild, 1650 Broadway, New York.

Is Hollywood Overworking Shirley Temple?

(Continued from page 32)

Mr. Temple and I have had her under the care of a child specialist since she was an infant because we wanted her to have the proper diets and all the advantages of new discoveries in child health. Before we considered letting Shirley work in pictures, we consulted this doctor and another famous specialist. Both agreed that a little girl as robust and sturdy as Shirley could suffer no possible harm.

"There is no truth in the ambulance rumors, although when she was making comedies she worked under conditions of which I did not thoroughly approve. They made the children rehearse three or four hours and they did not allow the mothers on the set—when it came time for the "takes," the children were tired and nervous. At this time Shirley had a cold which settled in her ear, and this may have been aggravated by the work. But even here she was the leading lady and received special concessions, otherwise I should not have allowed her to continue. Outside of this cold and an attack of measles, she has never had a sick day in her life.

Lives and Works Under Ideal Conditions

"THESE comedies lasted only a short time," Mrs. Temple adds, "and I determined that Shirley would not make any more pictures. Then she was given her Fox contract and she works now under ideal conditions. I will say quite frankly that if her talents had not been immediately recognized, I would have taken her out of pictures rather than subject her to long hours waiting in casting offices, and interviewing directors. Fortunately, Shirley never had to go through what the average movie child must suffer.

"The law requires a teacher from the welfare bureau constantly with her on the set, and of course I'm there, too. She is allowed to work only six hours a day, and while this only includes time actually before the cameras or in rehearsal, she has her special dressing-room, with her dolls and toys, for rest periods. She is not an excitable or a nervous child, and her studio activities take no more out of her than the ordinary children's play.

"I adhere to a rigid diet—cereal and a glass of milk for breakfast, vegetable soup, meat, vegetables and, so forth, for lunch—the usual well-balanced diet prescribed for children. She takes a teaspoonful of Cod Liver Oil twice a day, and in addition to an hour's nap after lunch, she sleeps twelve hours every night. *They say she's going on this vacation because she's tired and ill. What do you think? Just look at her!*"

And she did look full of amazing vitality, with her very pink cheeks, sparkling eyes, and chubby bare legs. She doesn't pose or strike attitudes, as do so many movie children. For once press agents are right in saying she is completely natural. A trifle precocious, perhaps—she went to a nearby office and took up the telephone, and the studio publicity department suffered minor earthquakes wondering who was "the lady from the woman's magazine to interview Shirley Temple." Then someone recognized the assumed voice as Shirley's own, and she returned a moment later looking naughty and innocent at the same time, to ask "Am I going to have another interview?"

She likes nothing better than printing her name on her still pictures and handing them

generously to all comers, and she will look around the photograph-covered walls of a publicity office and tell you, proudly, "There are six pictures of me in this room!" But this is not the affected conceit of the usual child-star, it's the healthy natural conceit of the average child who boasts, "I've got six dolls!"

She never looks at herself in the pictures but at the dogs, rabbits, and other animals with which she is often photographed. She never looks in a mirror, never reads her fan mail (or has it read to her), and doesn't know that Hollywood is gasping over her new contract calling for a salary in excess of a thousand dollars a week. She wears the same fifty-cent cotton wash frocks, the same white shoes and socks, the same severely tailored sailor overcoat and beret that she wore before stardom arrived. She's usually too busy about her own affairs to pay much attention while her mother is talking about her, and to avoid any possible self-consciousness, Mrs. Temple lowers her voice or refers to her as "a certain little person" if she happens to be listening.

Determined Not to Spoil Her

"AS well as safeguarding her physical health," Mrs. Temple explains, "I want to keep her from growing affected and unnatural, as are so many movie children. I ask the studio employees to talk to her as an ordinary normal child, and when some woman gushes over Shirley and tells her how adorable she is, I shut her off as quickly as possible. Then I tell Shirley afterward that people praise her merely because they like a child who smiles at them—that she has an ordinary little face—that those who compliment her for her beauty are simply silly. *I will not let them spoil her.*

"This worries me so much that I'm always asking people 'Do you see any change in Shirley?' And they haven't! I can truthfully say she acts just the same at home as she did before stardom came, and with two brothers, fourteen and eighteen, it would be difficult for her to monopolize the spotlight. Not that she is spotlighted at the studio, either! She will recite the most difficult lines and then retire to her own corner without feeling the least bit overproud.

"Acting really is a game to her; she loves catching the other actors missing their lines. A cross little expression comes over her face and, when he saw it, Gary Cooper, for one, used to cry out, 'What have I done wrong now?' And Shirley, very solemnly, would correct him. She learns her own lines practically letter-perfect at a reading, and usually can recite the other actors' lines as well.

"I do get panicky sometimes at some of the stunts she has to perform for pictures. Her little double refused to do a bit calling for her to be lowered over a pit and have gun-smoke blown at her. Shirley did it herself. My heart was in my mouth, too, when she went out on a lake with Gary Cooper, on location, and transferred from one boat to another. You think I should object? *But I realize the studio is just as interested in her health as I am. She's too valuable for them to risk in any way!* And when I am assured by men I can trust that she's in no danger, I do not protest. Many of her associates, such as Jimmy Dunn, Gary Cooper, and her directors, are almost as devoted to her as I am, and they would not dream of seeing her take risks.

"After our first hesitation at the idea of letting her work, Mr. Temple and I have no feeling against it. We have grown accustomed to it during the year and a half she has been in pictures, and we are not stunned or shocked by her success now. She is accustomed to it too, for she is, naturally, a sociable child with a great deal of poise. And when she is older, it is good to know she will have a trust fund from the salary she is earning now.

"Far from harming her, I believe that her studio work is actually good for her. I believe that she will keep her present common-sense attitude always because of this early chance to be herself with famous people. I believe that she loves it all so much that it would harm her more if she were stopped now."

Mrs. Temple has a wholesome, friendly manner, and radiates vitality. She is fascinated by the glamour of the studios. From a "model housewife," she says, she has become a sort of business woman, whose duty is to watch over Shirley while she works. Fame and stardom may have made no change in Shirley herself, but it will be interesting to see how it will affect this woman, Shirley's father, branch manager of a local bank, and Shirley's two elder brothers. But only time can write the answer. Meanwhile, be assured Shirley is in the best of health and spirits, and that the State, the studio, and the Temple family, not to mention doctors, teachers, and welfare workers, will do their best to keep her so!

George Brent Is On His Own—And Likes It

(Continued from page 33)

"And do you like traveling alone in your personal life as well as you had expected?" I asked, impertinently, as I looked about at the simple furnishings that weren't too masculine. In fact, you'd never suspect that it was a bachelor's house, for everything is in exquisite taste—with its simplicity, quietness and comfort.

"It's swell!" he exclaimed enthusiastically, giving me no doubt as to his real feelings in the matter. In fact, George has been criticized in print for "kicking up his heels" so gaily since his marital separation. Writers have complained that he looks entirely too happy.

"Isn't it peaceful?" he demanded. He showed me all over the tiny New England house and pointed out that, "it's just for one person. You can see there's not room for two."

"I suppose you'll marry again," I taunted him.

"If I do, I hope someone hits me on the head with a baseball bat," he replied vehemently. "Besides, I'm still married, and that's a very safe way to remain. I can't do anything foolish. But there will probably be a divorce, sometime. I don't know just when."

"But supposing you fall in love," I suggested.

The Battle-Cry of Freedom

"I'M not going to fall in love," he declared firmly. "I'm free, and I'm going to stay free. I think any man likes his freedom once in a while. He can read his newspaper at the table; he doesn't have to dress for dinner; he can have what he wants to eat and have it served where and when he wants it; he can play polo, fly an airplane, go fishing and hunting and moreover he DOESN'T HAVE TO TALK WHEN HE

Is your hair TOO DRY or TOO OILY to do these New Hollywood Curls?



The demurely waved front of this coiffure is offset by giddy curls that riot up the back and peek over the crown like roses on a fence. Curls, mind you—not frizzes! If your hair is too dry and harsh to look lustrous in this style of a Hollywood star, use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment below.

Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with harsh, dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap on your hair which contains free alkali . . . Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No free alkali . . . no acidity in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair



PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair

This arrangement of back curls in an inverted pyramid with the point below the left ear, looks well with a hat that turns up in the back. It was created for a style leader in Hollywood stardom. If your hair is too oily and stringy to stay in curl this way, give it the Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment described below.

To correct OILY hair:

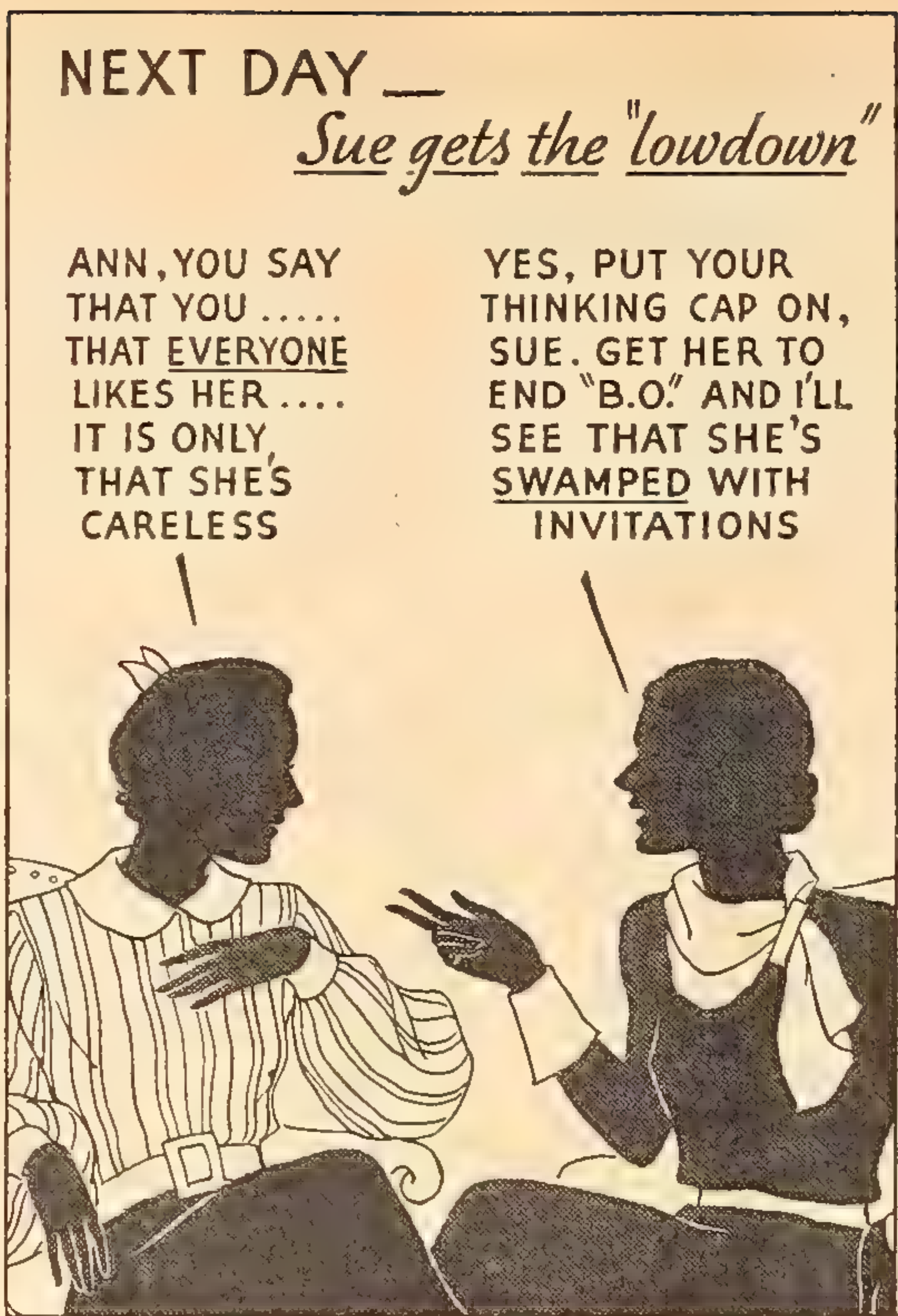
If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.



AT LAST YOU'RE VISITING ME, SUE! I'M DELIGHTED BUT IT IS GOING TO BE PRETTY QUIET FOR YOU — NO PARTIES. THE WOMEN HERE AREN'T VERY NEIGHBORLY. EVEN YOUR FRIEND CALLED ONLY ONCE

HOW FUNNY, DEAR. I THOUGHT YOU AND ANN WOULD BE GREAT FRIENDS. I'LL ASK HER WHAT'S WRONG



NEXT DAY —

Sue gets the "lowdown"

ANN, YOU SAY THAT YOU THAT EVERYONE LIKES HER IT IS ONLY THAT SHE'S CARELESS

YES, PUT YOUR THINKING CAP ON, SUE. GET HER TO END "B.O." AND I'LL SEE THAT SHE'S SWAMPED WITH INVITATIONS



A CONSPIRACY IT SHALL BE! I HAVE IT ALL FIGURED OUT. WHEN I GO HOME NEXT WEEK, I'LL

THAT'S A REAL IDEA, SUE. IT'S SURE TO WORK. FOR ONCE PEOPLE TRY LIFEBOUY THEY NEVER USE ANYTHING ELSE



NEXT WEEK

OH DEAR, SUE'S FORGOTTEN HER TOILET SOAP. WHY, IT'S LIFEBOUY! M-M-M ... HOW CLEAN IT SMELLS. I'M GOING TO TRY IT

NEVER SAW SUCH SOFT, RICH LATHER. LEAVES YOU SO CLEAN-FEELING! I'LL ORDER MORE LIFEBOUY AT ONCE



"B.O." GONE —
appreciated at last!

YES, I'D LOVE TO JOIN THE WOMEN'S LEAGUE, ANN THANKS FOR ASKING ME

DON'T THANK ME, MY DEAR. THIS TOWN IS JUST BEGINNING TO REALIZE HOW FORTUNATE IT IS TO HAVE YOU!



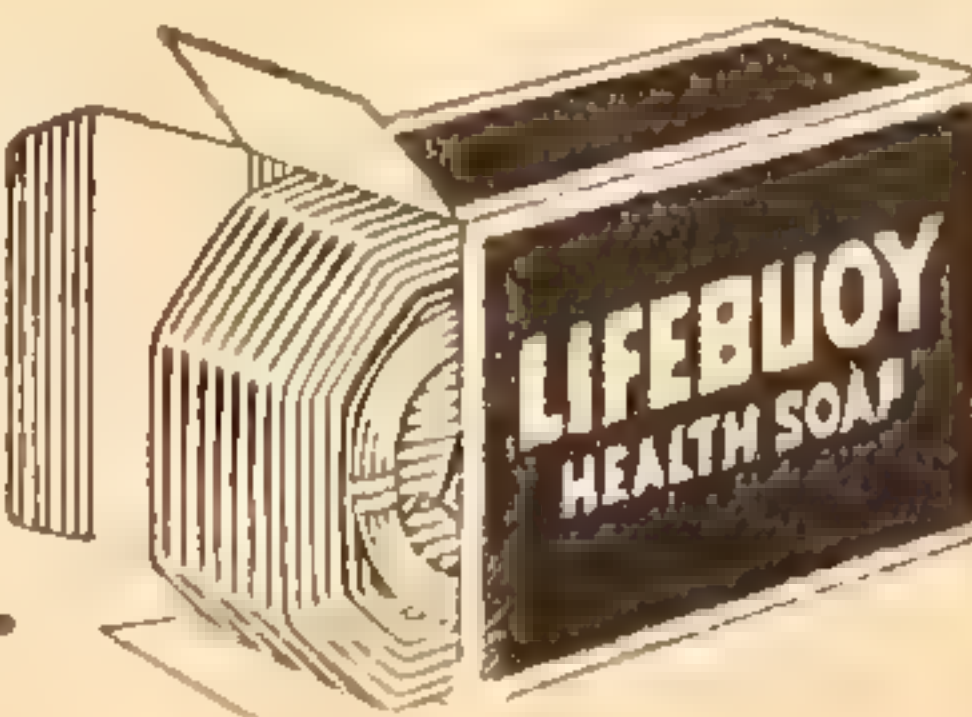
HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW SMOOTH AND CLEAR BETH'S SKIN LOOKS LATELY?

YES, THAT'S ANOTHER THING LIFEBOUY HAS DONE FOR HER

YOU can tell a Lifebuoy complexion—fresh, glowing, radiant with healthy beauty. Lifebuoy's rich, penetrating lather deep-cleanses pores of clogged impurities—clears and freshens cloudy skin. Purifies body pores of odor-causing waste. Removes all trace of embarrassing "B.O." (body odor).

Easy to offend—play safe!

Why risk this common yet unforgivable fault when Lifebuoy will keep you *safe*? Bathe regularly with this delightful toilet soap. Enjoy the *extra* protection which its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives. Adopt Lifebuoy today.



GETS HOME FROM THE STUDIO, DEAD TIRED.

"Most wives don't want their husbands to play polo because of a fear they will get broken necks, and rightfully so, too," he added soberly. "Polo is a very dangerous game. I gave it up for a while but I had to play the game in the Garbo picture. Some wives like to hunt and fish, but usually they don't, and, therefore, they think their husbands shouldn't. And few wives are willing to allow their husbands to fly. I'm in the air every moment I can get away now. I flew down to San Diego the other day, got myself a soda and flew back. It was great! You get up there where the air is clean and pure and you take a deep breath and then forget all about the studios and work!" He spoke with all the pride and enthusiasm of a small boy allowed to go to a picture show alone.

"Another thing about living alone," he said, "is that you don't have to go out all the time. Women like social life. They seem to need a certain amount of it, and married men have to conform to what is sometimes playfully referred to as 'civilized existence' in order to have any peace at home. I don't like to do a lot of entertaining and I don't like to go out much. I enjoy a quiet life. Single men are on occasion in demand, of course. They may be termed as a necessary evil to fill a dinner table or to make a fourth at bridge, but I've been working so steadily the past three months that the social life has been entirely out. Anyway, I believe my house is just as nice as anybody's," he added proudly, "so why should I go out?"

Saving Money Now

"FURTHERMORE, I'm saving my money, which I've not been able to do for a long time. I have a business manager who collects my checks, pays my bills and allows me twenty-five dollars a week for pocket money. I have to buy my lunches, cigarettes, haircuts, picture shows, pay tips and other incidentals out of that. When I want extras I have to argue. I'm not going to have a beach place or a mountain cabin. I can't afford it. Of course, I've bought a few things for the house, like lamps, pillows, silver and glassware. And I had this little bar built in the den. You've no idea how much those things cost me in lung power. Take my new car," and he proudly pointed to a shining small coupe of popular make. "I get nearly as much kick out of this bus as I do out of my plane. I put ten gallons of gas in her and it lasts a week. And it's certainly plenty good enough for me."

His one extravagance, his pet and pride and joy, is his airplane, a beautiful open job, painted a deep cream color with bright red leather upholstery, and its name, "Desert Breeze," painted on the nose in red letters.

We walked down the back-yard to the edge of Toluca Lake. The rippling of the water, the sighing of the huge weeping willow tree, the green of the lawn and shrubbery, the flashing coloring of the flowers gave the feeling that you were miles from Hollywood, from work, from the quarrels and bickerings of the movie world. "Isn't this heavenly? Isn't this peaceful?" he asked, in a tone of deep genuine satisfaction. "This is all I want. Just quiet and peace of mind."

But you never can tell what may happen to an unattached male during the filming of a picture. Especially when he is thrown in daily contact with the world's most glamorous actress. Will "The Painted Veil" be the beginning of a new Hollywood romance? Will George Brent be able to pierce the veil of mystery that has always surrounded Garbo? He admits he is willing to try! It looks as though George is going places, but he may not always travel alone.

"Censorship Means Goodbye to Garbo, Dietrich and Me"

—Anna Sten

(Continued from page 29)

influence of such a person is not more harmful than that of the screen character whom the censors would expurgate completely from the screen.

"The pendulum of censorship is swinging to the extreme. If we say that a story essentially true—a story that involves life as it is in reality—cannot be portrayed, then we emasculate a great art.

"We cannot censor life!" (Anna paused to note the effect of this truth.) "There is the danger, too, that when the movement is past, we will be deluged with censorable pictures. The intensity of the campaign cannot be maintained indefinitely. So in a few months at best, certain completed pictures that producers are withholding to-day will be released. For, after all, there are financial responsibilities involved. You cannot (it isn't fair) cripple a great industry so summarily, so completely. Studios must redeem the money they have spent and realize a return on their efforts. It is wise to call a halt on the indecent pictures, but it is dangerous to attempt to curb truth!"

Has Always Fought For Her Ideals

ANNA STEN is an ardent protagonist. She knows what it is to fight for truth—to raise her eyes to an ideal! For she is the essence of that Russia that has gone through the travail of re-birth, and through the pangs of regeneration, to achieve what seemed a phantom ideal.

She knows that life cannot be separated from sorrow. She has met it—and conquered it. Indelibly engraved on her mind are the days defined by raw emotions and stark tragedy.

At twelve, on the death of her father, the burdens of her family were on her ill-nourished shoulders. Whatever of value the Stenskis had possessed had long ago been sold. A kopek was realized here, another there. And then began those haunting nightmares of food in sufficient quantities—nightmares from which she would wake desperate with hunger and filled with terror at her helplessness.

At last, bold with hunger, she found work. It paid a few cents a week—this job of cleaning up a newspaper office. But it was enough to keep life in the bodies of her mother and her sister and herself. Later she worked as a waitress in a restaurant. She washed the dishes. She swept the floors. She was paid in the scraps of food left over!

When chaos descended on Russia, she foraged the countryside for food. Bundled in every shawl and petticoat the three of them possessed, she would sally forth with courage, hunting those meagre scraps that would hold off starvation for yet another day.

Those were desperate years. Chaos and hunger held her Russia in their grip. And in those years Anna Sten learned much of life. She learned that life didn't always have a freshly scrubbed face—that happiness wasn't always the order of the day—that joy wasn't the only component of life.

You Cannot Censor Realities

THAT is why to-day Anna Sten says: "You cannot censor life. Terror and hardship and tragedy are life, too. To show only happiness on the screen is to present a lopsided view of unattainable illusions."

And she says: "I am making 'Resurrection' now under the new title of 'We Live Again.' It is the tale, as you know, of a woman who is regenerated through suffer-

(Continued on page 71)

Does Your Face Wear "Dirty Underclothes"?

Horrible,
but
True!

*A Blackhead is
Dirt that is 3 and
4 Months Old!*

By *Lady Esther*

Is your skin guilty of "dirty underclothes"?

In other words, dirty underneath? You may not know it, but Blackheads, Whiteheads, Enlarged Pores and Muddy and Sallow Skin, are signs of concealed dirt.

Yes—shrink as you will—a blackhead is dirt that is three and four months old!

You may be the most fastidious woman in the world and still have blackheads. Why? Not through any carelessness on your part, but simply because you're an innocent victim of inadequate cleansing methods. You think you are reaching the dirt in your skin, but you are not. You are only reaching the outer and not the under layer of dirt.

Make This Test!

If you want to see how a real face cream works, make this test.

First, cleanse your skin as you now do it. If you use soap and water, use plenty of it. If you use cream, use three or four applications. Keep cleaning your skin until you think it absolutely immaculate.

Now, take Lady Esther Face Cream and clean it. Just smooth or pat on the cream and leave it there a few minutes. Now take a clean cloth or tissue and wipe off the cream. Look at the cloth! That skin you thought absolutely clean has left it streaked and smudged.

It Reaches Pore-deep Dirt

Ordinary face creams stop at the top layer of dirt. Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates to the bottom of the pores and dissolves the underneath layer of dirt. It gives your skin a complete pore-deep cleansing. Lady Esther Face Cream reaches the bottom of your pores because it is a unique, readily liquefying cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin. Thus, without the necessity of being rubbed in and without stretching the pores, it penetrates the little openings all the way to their depths. There it dissolves the accumulated dirt and grime and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.



When you get through cleansing your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you KNOW it is clean because your cloth will show no sign of soil.

Also Lubricates the Skin

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleans your skin, it also lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that ends dryness and keeps your skin soft, smooth and supple.

There is no face cream you ever tried that is at once so thoroughly cleansing and delicately lubricating as Lady Esther Face Cream. One trial will show you an amazing difference in your skin.

At My Expense!

Write today for the liberal 7-day trial tube I offer and see for yourself how thoroughly clean and how exquisitely soft Lady Esther Face Cream leaves your skin. There is no cost for this 7-day tube. Your name and address on the coupon below or on a penny postcard bring it to you free and postpaid.



Pass your fingertips all over your face. Does your skin feel satin smooth? Or do you feel little bumps? If you do, then be sure your skin is suffering from "dirty underclothes."

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

FREE

LADY ESTHER

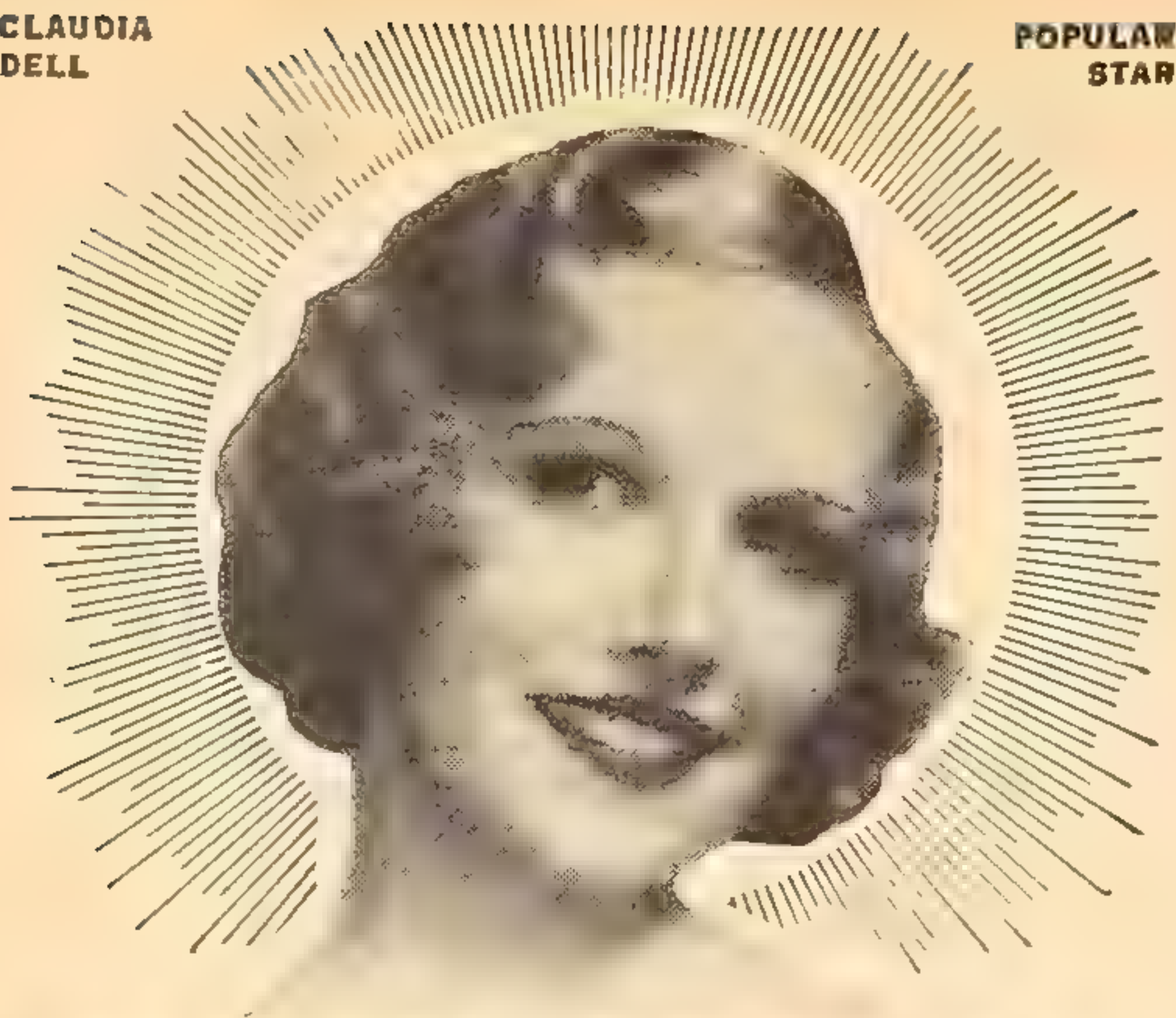
2014 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois (7)

Please send me by return mail your 7-day tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name

Address

City..... State.....



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MILLIONS CALL IT!

a priceless secret—and it's FREE!

Imagine a discovery that transforms dull, lifeless hair into lovely, radiant hair such as only a few lucky girls are born with! Yet so subtle is this new loveliness that it seems only to accent the natural sheen of your hair!

Magic? Yes, the magic of just one Golden Glint Shampoo-and-Rinse. For in addition to cleansing it imparts just the least touch of a tint—ever so little—but how exquisitely it accents the natural beauty of your hair! No other shampoo—anywhere like it! 25c at your dealers'. Try it tonight...you'll be delighted!

-GOLDEN GLINT-



Shampoo
AND Rinse

OBEY that impulse to Visit NEW YORK

Gratify the urge to go places and see things! Come to New York now and enjoy the big town at its best... bright new plays, fashions, beaches and tours... good times at small cost.

Choose a hotel that's convenient, comfortable, friendly and easy on your pocketbook... the Piccadilly, one of New York's newest and 'close to everything'.

26 stories of attractive rooms, with plenty of light and air and sleep-inducing beds. Dinner dancing with Piccadilly Orchestra... cocktails in the SILVER LINING, where the best costs little.

Single Room **\$2.50** Private Bath

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Now under Arthur Lee Direction

SKIN TROUBLE? PSORIASIS — ECZEMA

and other obstinate skin eruptions
Is it necessary to suffer from these unsightly skin irritations? **PSORACINE**, a wonderful new discovery now relieving many stubborn cases where other treatments failed. Try it no matter how long afflicted. Write for sworn proof and free information.

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SONG POEM OR MELODY WRITERS

Amazing 50-50 plan. Big royalties paid for new song hits, ideas. Professional aid by popular songwriter. Complete collaboration and marketing service. Free information. Write to-day.

WILLARD HERRING, Box MP, Franklin Park, Ill.

The Ten-Minute Egg-Club of Hollywood

(Continued from page 31)

Thrush' and 'Brave Robert Emmett.' We ate, and had plenty to drink. . . . Broke again, I met Lefebre, a French wrestler, and we hired a pool hall, made a wrestling mat out of my blanket and a stolen bale of hay, sold tickets for two dollars, and faked a swell match, which was good entertainment for the spectators and earned us two hundred and fifty dollars each, the most money I had ever had in my pants at one time. A man who saw the match said I was a good boxing prospect, and so I became a fighter."

Al Jolson, Ex-Bouncer

NOW for another beloved roughneck—Al Jolson. His black eyes were dancing and his tongue was wagging wisecracks. "One of these days I'm going to write the story of my life," he said, slapping me on the knee, "and I'm going to call it 'The Rise of a Hoodlum.' Was I a hoodlum? Was I?"

"In the first place, I was born in a fightin' country—Russia. Then Papa Yoelson took me to Washington, D. C. You know Washington. The kids were, and are, plenty tough. Papa was a cantor, the fifth in a line of cantors, and he picked little Al for Number Six. But the kind of songs I learned as a kid aren't sung in church. However, when I sang 'em to the young roughnecks of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, they adopted me right off. I forgot to mention the fact at home. I just went away to the Spanish-American War as the regimental mascot.

"When the war was over and we were mustered out, Papa wore the khaki out of the seat of my pants. I ran away. Papa caught me. I could keep on saying that for five minutes and it would be true. One day Papa told me I was a low-life bummer and took me to the priests of St. Mary's at Baltimore. It was the same 'school' from which Babe Ruth was graduated into baseball. Catholic lickings were no better than Jewish lickings and I graduated (by climbing over the wall) to a job as a circus usher.

"Time passed. I was getting tougher all the time. I drifted into New York and started working in joints on the Bowery, slinging beer and singing songs. I was a swell bouncer, too, and I'm not so bad now. In the years that followed, I battled my way up from joints to burlesque, valeted Joe Palmer, the old vaudevillian, drifted to the Pacific Coast, and returned to my old employment—entertaining in dives. I worked in every joint on the old Barbary Coast in the days when it was plenty tough."

Tough? I've seen Jolson in action twice. Once in the Cocoanut Grove when he "took" a man who outweighed him forty pounds. And again in the Sinton Hotel in Cincinnati when a big guy was chinning with the cashier while Jolson wanted to pay his bill and catch a train.

The big guy looked at Jolson, who had asked him to hurry up, and said, "I don't hurry for kikes." Jolson clouted him. Chalk up another victory for a sometimes oppressed people.

Outweighed, but Never Outfought

RICHARD DIX is another guy who will fight at the drop of a hat.

"All the roughnecks love this pal of mine," Roscoe Karns told me, speaking of Rich, "for he's a real ten-minute egg. Once we were up in Sacramento, making scenes for a picture, and there was a carpenter on the set who didn't like Rich—the only man who ever worked on a set with Rich who didn't. The carpenter was nasty and made a lot of unnecessary remarks about Rich. Jack Holt was on the stage and will verify this: Rich finally popped the carpenter on the jaw.

"The carpenter weighed two hundred and

twenty. He charged. This idiot Dix chanced his future to battle that big brute. A circle was formed on the stage and they went to it. In the first exchange of blows, the big guy socked Rich and opened a long gash over his right eye. (The scar is still visible.) They fought ten minutes and Rich gave him a terrific lacing, forced him to say 'uncle,' and then made the boss put him back to work after he was fired. That fight cost the studio thousands, because Rich couldn't work until the eye was healed."

Once, in a picture, Dix actually FOUGHT Jack Renault, the French-Canadian heavyweight champion, eight regulation rounds. After the fight, Dix said to Renault: "Jack, I believe you have injured me."

"No, no," said Renault, "always after a beeg fight, you feel terrible."

Dix collapsed. An examination disclosed two broken ribs, a fractured nose, a broken left thumb and forty odd bruises. Dix weighed one hundred and sixty pounds; Renault, one hundred and ninety-five.

The Elephants Remember Wally

EVERYONE loves that adorable roughneck, Wallace Beery. Happy-go-lucky, homely, careless of his grammar, profane, he is one of the screen's greatest actors. "Maybe I do look like a bum," he will tell you, pulling at a dirty sweat-shirt. "Well, I am.

"One day Pop, who was a cop, took me around on his beat for a couple of days and got me a job as an engine wiper at the Santa Fe roundhouse. When the circus came to town, I played hooky from work and went to the show grounds. The elephants fascinated me and I hung around the herd all day, listening to the talk of the 'bull men,' as the elephant hostlers are called. I watched how they watered, fed and handled the elephants and then, gaining courage, walked up to the boss and asked: 'Do you need a bull man?'

"Know anything about bulls?' he questioned.

"Sure," I lied.

"I was hired, and that night the head bull man gave me four small elephants to take to the train in a terrific downpour of rain. I watched the other men hook a bull by the ear and pull him to his knees, get on his head and ride off with the other elephants following. So I selected the smallest of my four elephants, hooked his ear, and down he came.

"But, say, that little bull knew within a few minutes that he didn't have a genuine 'bull man' sitting on his head. He shook himself, and down I went: there was a splash as I hit the mud. Again I hooked his ear and climbed on. The stubborn brute threw me off once more and this time I got up and beat the stuffing out of that elephant with the bull hook. From then on I was a bull man and at the end of three years I had charge of a herd of twenty-six elephants."

George Still Quick with Fists

GEORGE RAFT got off to a tough start by being born in the Hell's Kitchen of New York. Some of the boys on the block became sharpshooters, but George decided he would rather fight the world with both fists than just one finger. So he became a pug. In one year, he had twenty-two fights (in the ring), was knocked out seven times and was cured of ring ambitions by Frankie Jerome, who broke his nose, split his ear and fractured four ribs. Light on his feet, he took up dancing. How many battles Georgie lost as a dancer is not of record. But we do know that he has autographed portraits of most of the real "hots" from Al Capone on down. It was only recently (if at all) that Raft believed it safe to tell his

bodyguards to "I am." He's still quick with his fists, as a Hollywood news dispatch of recent date avers.

The stork must have grinned and said to himself, "Well, Mrs. Jory, here's a problem for you," when he delivered little Victor. How could a guy born in an Alaskan roadhouse called "60 Below Bonanza" be anything but tough? Vic was and he is. He started egging on the authorities when he led a school strike at Pasadena High. As a wrestler, boxer, soldier, tramp, ham actor—screen star—Vic has had a life that, until recently, has been one swell brawl after another.

Cortez Can Also Sock

I like to refer to the suave and polished Ricardo Cortez as "the bodyguard." Born to the rowdyism of New York's East Side, Ric could battle with the best, with fists, bricks, or whatever was handy. He started to work at twelve, educated himself, resisted strong temptations, and eventually became a respectable citizen. Then came opportunity. A certain noted actor was wanted in Hollywood. Ric got the job of body-guarding that actor to Hollywood—guaranteeing to deliver the actor to a certain studio in a sober condition. It took more than one right to the jaw during that transcontinental journey for Ric to make good. Cortez delivered the actor—sober—to a now-famous producer, who was so thankful that he gave Ric a chance as an actor.

"From the day I could walk," Cortez told me, "it was every guy for himself."

"Censorship Means Goodbye to Garbo, Dietrich and Me"

—Anna Sten

(Continued from page 69)

ing. No one can accuse Tolstoy of reaching for the sensational. He did reach for truth. It isn't a pretty tale; neither is it petty. It is a glorious story of a woman's soul, and not a record of the kittenish and flaccid emotions of a Pollyanna. In this story we have the revelation of a soul's progress. 'Resurrection' is a classic. It has lasted because it delves beneath the surface of life—because it is a faithful replica of reality, which was the same yesterday as it is today and will be tomorrow. It will be long remembered because it is thought-provoking.

"Gear pictures to the mentality of children—censor every adult tale of adult emotions and we become imbeciles in embryo."

Anna Sten's eyes are an intense blue, fringed with lashes that shadow her cheekbones. There is the light of a zealot, of a thinker, in them. They mirror the deep passion of a woman who has met life and conquered it. But there is placidity in them as she tells of her happiness in work.

"Do you think work is the most important thing in the world, after all, to a woman?" I ask her.

"I can't speak for other women, but to me it is important. And that is why I haven't entered the Hollywood life, why I haven't made friends. I love it here. I am content as I have never been before, but I came to work—not to meet new people, not to play. Only to work. That is my life."

Undoubtedly, herein lies the reason for her astute analysis of the censorship problem—for her deep interest in what a careless and overrighteous censorship movement might mean to an art that has struggled through dark days towards adulthood.

Censorship of the licentious is needed, she declares.

"But don't censor life," she warns, "else you'll stifle it."

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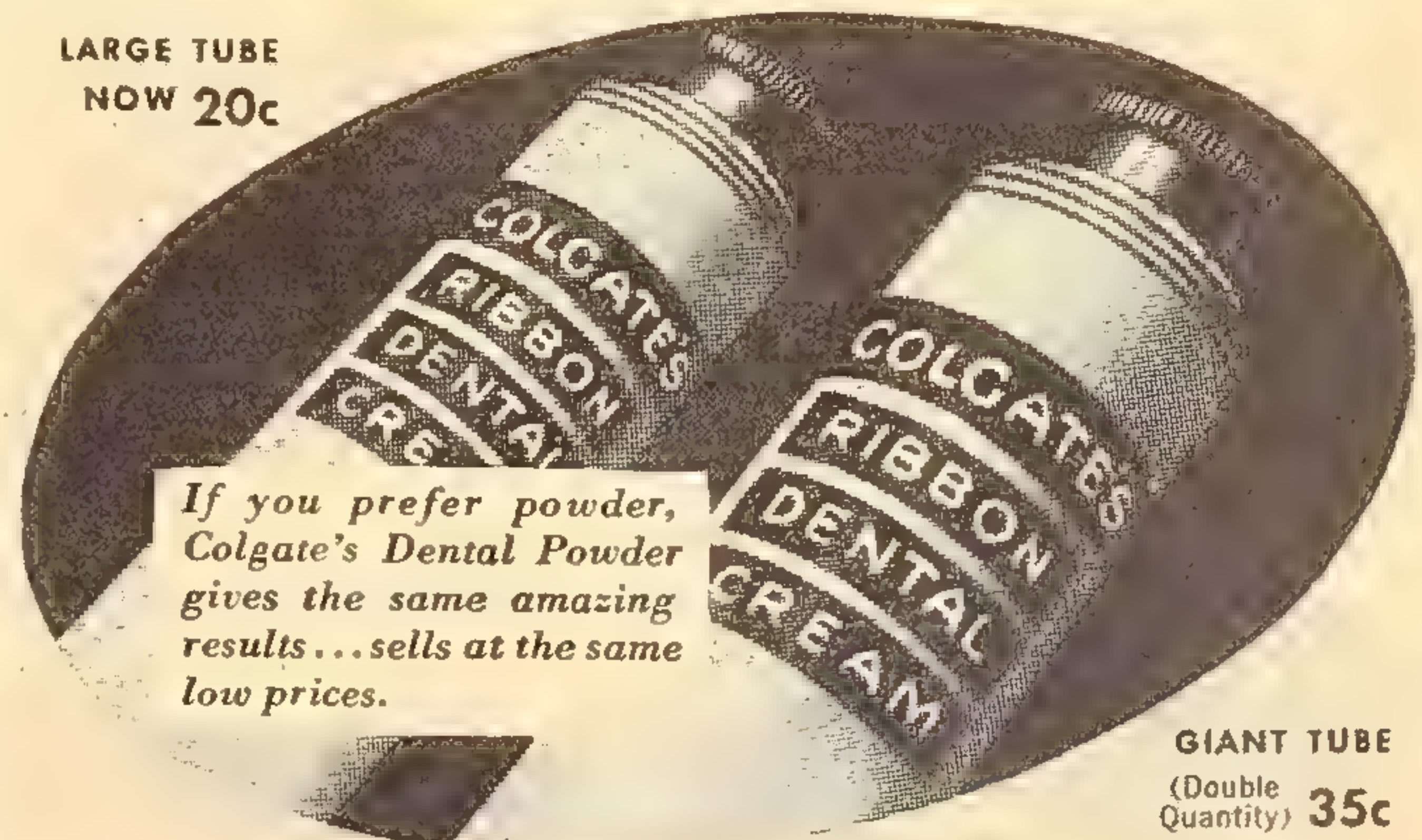
of the stains. Second, a gentle polishing action removes all the others, while polishing your teeth to a brilliant lustre.

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These Movies

(Continued from page 35)

ingly so spontaneous that everybody not only joins in the fun, but shares his reactions to his predicaments. It's clever.

SERVANTS' ENTRANCE—Fox

Gaynor Plays Cinderella Backwards

MILTON BERLE, the comic, recently wisecracked that Hollywood has taken the "Cin" out of "Cinderella." But Janet Gaynor, Hollywood's own pet rags-to-riches heroine, has added something to the character that the story-books never told about—namely, a sense of humor. That was never proved better than in her newest picture, in which Lew Ayres (also of "State Fair" fame) plays hero.

"Servants' Entrance" tells the Cinderella story in reverse. Janet starts out as a wealthy girl and disguises herself as a servant, in order to learn something about housekeeping. (She's planning to marry a wealthy lad. What does she need to know about housekeeping?) In turn, she becomes a cook, a nursemaid and a seamstress—and, as each, she is a lovable caricature of what she tries to be. Her attempts at cooking are disastrous, and when she is a nursemaid she has two obstreperous young pests to manage. But while she's living and learning, she meets a young mechanic (Ayres)—and he repairs her ego.

Cynics are warned away from it. All others—especially, those who like their whimsy—may anticipate a good time. It has few surprises, but it has a novel background, charm, gaiety, and light-hearted dialogue. And good acting.

OUR DAILY BREAD

—United Artists

A Picture That Pioneers

"**O**UR Daily Bread" is a notable picture—more, perhaps, for what it attempts than for what it attains. It is the movies' first real recognition of the existence of The Forgotten Man; but it goes further than merely dramatizing his problems and suggests a solution. It is a picture for those who believe that movies should be a mirror of modern life, as well as a source of make-believe. King Vidor—who wrote, directed and produced it—deserves a rising vote of thanks for his pioneering. It is a courageous, frank and forceful picture.

A city boy and girl, who can find no work, find hope, at least, on an abandoned farm. They enlist others of the vast army of unemployed in their project. Together, they struggle to wrest from the land the living that the world doesn't feel it owes them. It is an epic struggle, full of heroism and heartache, dreams and drama. The highlights are the scenes of desperate men harnessing themselves to plows, of the thanksgiving service over the rows of new corn, of the frantic efforts to bring water to the parched land.

Tom Keene, who gave up a financially remunerative career as a Western star and left Hollywood for a year to prepare for this dramatic chance, is boyish and intense as the young hero. Karen Morley, as the girl who shares his struggle, matches his sincerity. The "bit" players are convincingly real.

SHE LOVES ME NOT

—Paramount

A Comic Collegiate Crooner

ON the stage, this was an uproarious farce, stingingly funny. On the screen, it is a light romantic comedy, which serves as a convenient rack for Bing Crosby's sing-

ing. The sting is gone, and so is the spontaneity. It isn't Bing's fault. It's the fault of the adapters and, behind them, Hollywood timidity.

A night-club dancer (Miriam Hopkins), fleeing from the scene of a murder she has witnessed, bursts into the Princeton dormitory room of Bing, a dignified Senior and a campus songwriter. He's in a tight place, but he agrees to help her, and wins the assistance of his pal upstairs. They trim her hair, dress her in boy's clothes, and store her in the pal's room, while the pal goes off to New York to see if his father (a movie magnate) won't give her a job; Bing, meanwhile, wires his righteous uncle and writes his fiancée for their aid. The uncle wires the Dean to investigate; the fiancée, in a huff, decides to investigate in person; a studio publicity man arrives, with a photographer; and a gangster arrives to "erase" the fugitive blonde. In this predicament, Bing's only friend is the Dean's daughter (Kitty Carlisle), to whom he has been singing "Love in Bloom," and even she gets the wrong impression of him. How he escapes from what looks like an unhappy fate is amusing, if not actually hilarious. The suspense isn't what it ought to be. The ending is one of the world's most sophomoric.

Bing does his usual effective job of song-plugging, ably assisted by Kitty Carlisle; but there is too little of Miriam Hopkins. Lynne Overman, as the publicity man, and Warren Hymer, as the gangster, walk off with the comedy honors.

THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI

—M-G-M

Jean Harlow Clowns—Harmlessly

JEAN HARLOW'S sails have been trimmed in her new picture, but the result is still amusing, if somewhat frothy entertainment—and bears the purity stamp of the Hays Office. And Jean steps out to show the customers that she doesn't need revealing gowns to hold their attention; all she needs is a chance to do light comedy. And she has it here, with everybody else pulling on the oars with a good will, while she holds the helm.

She is a keen small-town girl who has big-time ideas. Along with Patsy Kelly, who is more cynical, she runs off to Broadway to become a chorus girl and meet wealthy men. Moreover, she insists she is going to keep to the straight-and-narrow and marry one. She selects a patrician millionaire (Lionel Barrymore), who decides she is more the type for his playboy son (Franchot Tone)—never suspecting that the girl intends matrimony and nothing else but. When the suspicion finally dawns upon him, he "frames" her; but she is one too many for him, and "frames" him in return, for an ending that is as improbable as it is amusing. The dialogue has snap, the direction has breeze, and the whole cast has a good time. So should you.

HOUSEWIFE—Warners

The Players Shame the Writers

IF the writers had worked with the imagination that the players do, "Housewife" would have been a thoroughly entertaining little comedy-drama. As it is, it is entertaining chiefly because of the acting; the story follows a familiar groove, with few unexpected deviations.

Ann Dvorak, in the title rôle, has been married to George Brent through five struggling years, when she persuades him to take his courage in hand, quit his job, and strike

out for himself. In no time at all, he is an advertising czar, with several dozen (or so it seems) offices. Bette Davis decides he is worth having, goes after him, and finally makes him crave a divorce. But before the judge can hear the story he intended to tell, his little boy is struck by a truck, and the judge hears a different story. This court scene, and another scene in which the two women compare notes, are the amusing ones. The others you have seen before.

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE —RKO

Courtroom Drama that's Different

THE principal satisfaction in seeing this drama is the sight of Ricardo Cortez as a hero, for a change. He deserved the change. But he tries almost too hard to be convincing, and as a result seems self-conscious—which a suave criminal lawyer wouldn't be.

That's what he is—a smooth lawyer. He's a lawyer whose wife is in love with an artist (John Beal). He drops around to the artist's studio just in time to witness the suicide of a discarded girl-friend of the painter; in his haste to depart from there, he leaves behind a hat, coat and glove. Beal is arrested, accused of murder, and Cortez becomes attorney for the defense. About that time the audience wonders: Will he get his rival out of the way by letting him go to the electric chair? How can he save him, without involving himself? And those questions are answered cleverly, with suspense. Beal is responsible for this in great part. Here is a young Broadway actor of talent whom the movies ought to keep busy.

Hollywood Happenings

(Continued from page 14)

Want to Swim a Duck?

JOE PENNER, of radio fame, arrived at Paramount to take up his picture career in "College Rhythm" (with Lanny Ross). And under his arm was his equally famous duck, a real live one.

The studio gang were awaiting the duck. They had rigged up a little fenced-in enclosure, beautifully fitted out with every modern convenience to make a duck happy and contented. The only thing they forgot was water for the duck to swim in.

Wanta buy a duck?

That Cute Katy Hepburn

HAVING tried worn-out overalls with an ermine wrap, opening fan mail while sitting in the middle of a street, telling interviewers that she "couldn't remember" if she had a husband, then refusing to tell them anything at all, Katharine Hepburn has now resorted to driving a station-wagon, instead of a limousine.

Fooled the Whole Town

EVER since she has been in Hollywood, June Knight has worn a blonde wig. Her hair was badly burned by a hairdresser and she had to have her head shaved in order to save her tresses. A wig was the only solution and it was such a good wig that no one suspected. June is wearing her own hair again now, so she enjoys telling the story.

They Say - - -

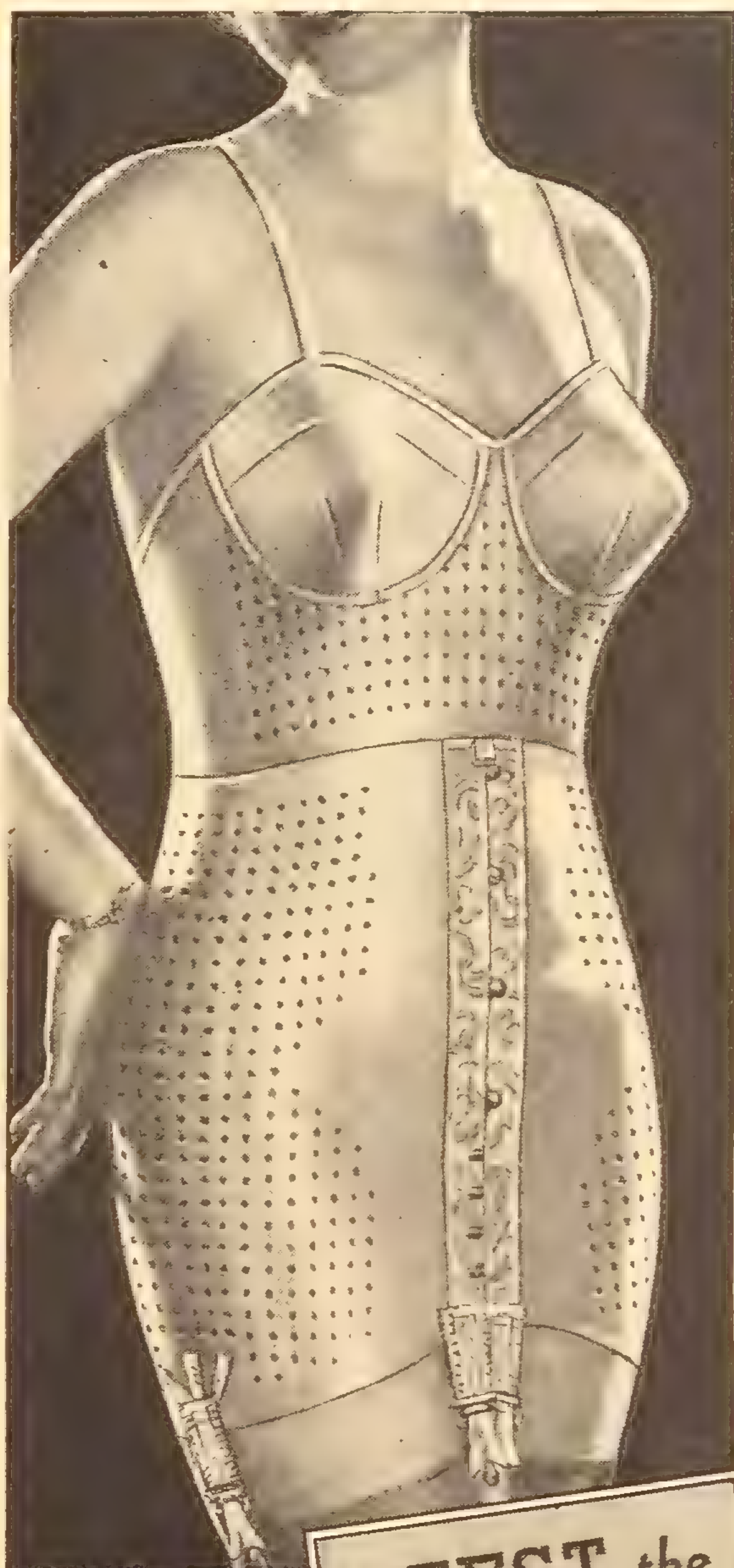
THAT Sue Carol and Nick Stuart are about to reconcile. They are seen together often.

That when Charles Laughton isn't swimming in the Garden of Allah pool, the place seems so empty without him.

That Jean Harlow and William Powell are "that way." You can take it from us that they're not.

(Continued on page 82)

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**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
TABLETS**

"Feel wonderful EVERY day"

"MISS MARIE" —A Story Never Told Till Now

(Continued from page 45)

"Even in our Beverly Hills home, she never scolded when I would interrupt her fun. When I would come into the living room to say, 'Madam, it is eleven o'clock,' she would laugh and tell her friends, 'I have to obey Mamie and go to bed. She knows what is best for me.'"

Marie's guests were always sent home at eleven by Mamie. Those who overstayed that time of night she discouraged from coming again—courteously, but firmly.

How She Guarded Marie

MARIE, much amused, once told me about that habit. "Mamie always looks over my guest list. If she sees a name she doesn't approve, she will say, 'We don't want so-and-so, do we? He stays too late.'"

"It is Mamie's boast," Marie continued, "that she always knows what's wrong with me. It's really uncanny, for she does. Many's the time she has met me at the door and said, 'You have a bad headache.' It is not a question on her part, but a statement of fact. I have stopped asking how she knows. Her reply never varies—I have the symptoms."

It is small wonder that Mamie was put in complete charge of the corps of nurses during Marie's last illness.

"They were not allowed to wear nursing uniforms," Mamie said. "We didn't want the house to seem like a hospital, so the two nurses on each shift were dressed as they would have been if they had been paying us a social call."

"The same sort of deception was carried on when Miss Frances Marion or Mr. Louis B. Mayer or Mrs. Ida Koverman came to see Miss Marie. Mr. Mayer was forever talking about a new story he had just bought for his 'greatest star.' He would pretend that in a few weeks Miss Marie would be well enough to start production. Probably she wasn't fooled by all of this. But she never let on."

Similarly, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer continued to announce new pictures for Marie Dressler, pictures they knew she would never make. She did want very badly to make one more before she died. This was "Tish," from the Mary Roberts Rinehart stories.

Thirty Thousand Letters Came

"AS long as she was able, Miss Marie always read every letter or telegram she ever received from her admirers," Mamie continued. "And she answered them personally, too. After it was published that she had gone to Santa Barbara for 'a rest,' almost as much mail came to her there as to the studio. They were such beautiful letters, full of encouragement and good cheer. She loved everyone, and everyone seemed to love her."

"We must have received nearly thirty thousand letters altogether at Santa Barbara. After Miss Marie lost consciousness, I continued to put her mail on the table beside her bed—ready for her to read when she awakened. When they overflowed the table, they were stacked upon the floor."

Allow me to repeat Mamie's words—"ready for her to read—when she awakened." Not "if," but "when."

Mamie, I am sure, never once faltered in her belief that Marie would recover. Doubtless, it was beyond her conception that one who loved life so much would be allowed to die. The doctors said that she could not live; but, then, doctors have been known to be wrong. All that Miss Marie needed was the proper care and this was what Mamie—

loyal, stout-hearted Mamie—was there to give.

In those final weeks of coma, Mamie refused to leave the bedside. She had to be forced to eat, and the tiny naps that she took, sitting in her chair, were the only intervals when her anxious eyes left the face of her beloved mistress.

Marie Dressler, the world will be glad to know, did not suffer any great pain before the end. She was not despondent. Nor would she allow anyone else to be despondent. She died as she had lived—with a smile and a great courageous spirit that nearly defied death, and certainly postponed it.

Together Twenty-Two Years

IN her entire lifetime, Marie Dressler had only two maids. The first died in service and was given a fine funeral by her mistress. The second was Mamie Cox, who was with Marie for more than twenty-two years.

Marie had advertised for a maid, preferably a colored one. A friend of Mamie's, applying for the position, found it to be part-time work. As she was looking for a full-sized job, she recommended her friend. Part-time work was what Mamie desired. Her baby daughter, then nearing a second birthday, demanded the rest of her attention. That daughter now lives in Savannah, Georgia.

Subsequently, Marie and Mamie tramped together from one end of the country to the other, enduring all of the hardships of what the theatrical profession once called "the road." There were lean years and fat years, but through the entire time, Mamie stayed with Marie. Is it any wonder that Marie called her faithful colored maid her "friend"?

When Marie entered motion pictures and began a new career, her most triumphant of all, Mamie profited, too. They had known adversity together and now they were scaling the heights together. Jerry Cox, Mamie's husband, was added to the household when the prospects grew brighter. He had been working in New York.

There was one story about Mamie that Marie delighted in telling. The incident occurred about two years ago.

"I carry a latch key, but I am never allowed to use it," Marie usually began. "Mamie nearly always waits up to let me in and put me to bed."

Couldn't Play Truant

"WELL, the other night, I came in late and there was no Mamie at the door. I used my key and sneaked quietly up the stairs so as not to awaken her. I was frankly pleased by the prospect of sitting up as late as I liked—when I saw a note pinned to the coverlet of my bed."

"'Madam,' it read, 'go right to bed and get to sleep. Jerry and I will be home early. Put out all the lights except the one in the hall and your night light. I will look in on you when we come home to see if you want anything, though I hope you will be asleep. Anyhow, go right to bed. Mamie.'"

"What could I do but obey? Next morning, I found that Mamie had gone out to see the only picture of mine she had ever missed. It was playing in a small theatre 'way on the other side of town.'"

Some time later, I mentioned this story to Mamie.

"It's true," she said. "Miss Marie still carries my note in her bag and shows it to everyone. She calls it an example of my bullying her. But she went to bed . . . I never go to sleep until she does, and then I

leave my door open. I wake up every time she turns over. As long as she's out, I can't sleep at all, so why go to bed?"

It was the habit of Marie's friends to send presents to Mamie when they wanted to please Marie. She received more pleasure from watching Mamie open a package than she did from opening one, herself. Polly Moran never forgot Mamie at Christmas-time. Nor did many others in Marie's circle of intimates.

"Madam and I both think the world of Miss Polly," Mamie once told me proudly while I was waiting to interview her mistress. "Of course, whoever she really likes, I like, too."

Often Guessed Her Wants

"OUR minds, Miss Marie's and mine, work together on a lot of things. Often, when she comes home to dinner, she will say, 'You know, Mamie, I was thinking about such-and-such a thing to eat to-day. I wish we had some for dinner.' And, like as not, that is just what I had prepared."

"I do all of the shopping for the house and Miss Marie's personal shopping—clothes and such. I do her banking, too. I have been with her so long it is hard to think of home as being anywhere but where she is."

"On Thursday nights, she always does the cooking, herself. Won't let me help her. Says it's my day off. As if I ever wanted a day off! Madam often prepares special dishes for her friends, because she honestly likes to cook. No diets for her. She's too fond of good things to eat."

"I sometimes wish she didn't like people so well. She is too generous for her own good. Anyone with a hard-luck story will always find her willing to listen and help."

"People impose upon her and she is not as strong as she thinks she is. That puts it up to me to keep people away—which is pretty hard for me to do, for I like people, too. But I love Miss Marie and it's my job to protect her."

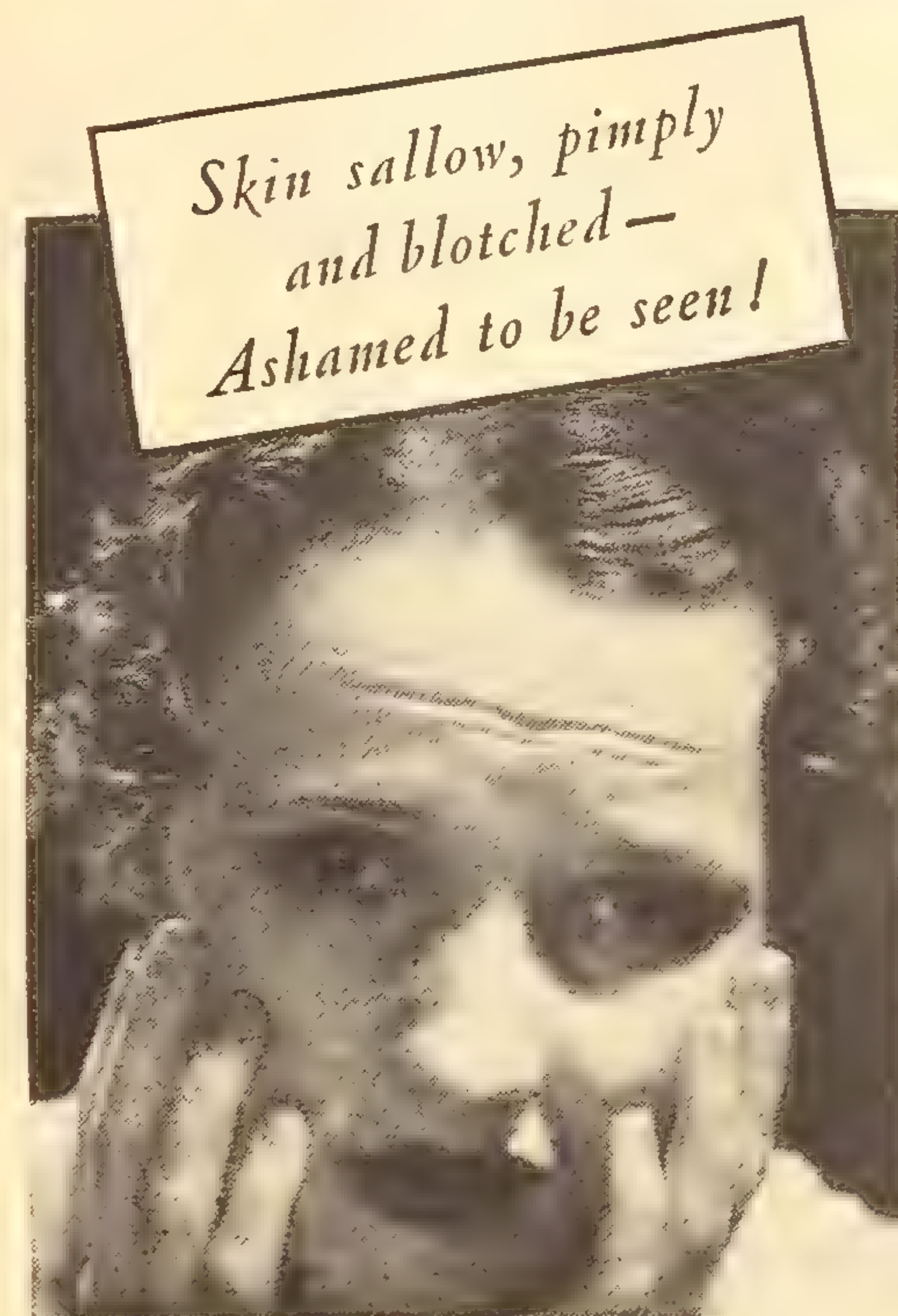
So spoke Mamie Cox of Marie Dressler in life. Can you now understand why Mamie is Marie's sincerest mourner in death? It was one of the most beautiful devotions Hollywood has ever known.



When the Bing Crosbys were presented recently with twins, Bing was kept so busy signing congratulatory telegrams he couldn't find time to croon or play golf. He doesn't want to see another telegraph boy and his bicycle for a year

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"My skin was in very poor condition," writes a lady in South Boston, Mass., "but since taking your pasteurized yeast, the blemishes and pimples have completely disappeared." "Your yeast is certainly marvelous for the complexion," says a user in Tuckerton, N. J., "almost every day someone tells me how much better I look."

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These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are made of pure yeast. Remember, pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. In the average diet these essential elements are sadly deficient. In some of our most common foods they are entirely lacking! Yeast Foam Tablets are so helpful because they are super-rich in these nutritive factors.

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Yeast Foam Tablets are very different from ordinary yeast. They cannot cause gas or discomfort. They keep fresh for months and are always uniform in vitamin content. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

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My Marriage With John Gilbert Was Not a Failure

(Continued from page 46)

Mutual friends tell me that Jack still loves Virginia and the baby, but doesn't want to see either of them again. "I can't be one of those complacent Hollywood ex-husbands who go to parties with their former wives," they quote Jack as saying, savagely. "I still love her too much to make light of it!"

Virginia wouldn't admit that this was true. "I've only seen him once since our separation," she sighed. "I do know, though, that when Jack has a disagreeable thing to do he never hesitates. A quick amputation is his method. And when he is through, he is through."

As for insisting on being called Mrs. Jack Gilbert, why not, she asks. "If it had been possible I would have had my screen credit in the same manner. After all, legally it's still my name and Gilbert is my baby's name,—nothing can change that. Furthermore, I like the name. You may be surprised when I tell you that it pleases me that my baby looks so much like Jack."

Still In Love With Jack

"YOU will never love anybody as you loved Jack," I remarked. There was a wistful look in her wide blue eyes as she said, hesitantly.

"Does any one ever love as they loved the first time? You see I had never been in love before. I had never even imagined myself deeply in love, so it was a complete surrender in my case. Jack and I met in May and were married in August."

"Besides," she continued, "don't you think it would be difficult to find another man like Jack? Of course, I am a perennial optimist, but you don't often find such a combination of good looks and irresistible charm. Oh, I know what you are going to say. I know some of his friends have called him *mad*, but his absolute irresponsibility, his complete abandon, is the very thing that makes people love him—even people who

don't always admire him. They look at him and wish they could do the same things. It's a funny streak in human nature, but we can't help half-way envying the other fellow who has the courage to do just what we want to do."

Virginia is not embittered, she is not cynical. She doesn't even regret marrying Jack. She speaks of it as a glorious experience. Although it sounds like a contradictory statement, she is really happy. She enjoys her freedom, she has her baby, her parents and her beautiful home. And she asserts that she is a finer woman in every way for having had the experience of marriage. She will not concede it was a failure in any way.

"In the first place," she said, "and far more important than anything else, it gave me my baby. If you haven't had a baby, you won't be able to understand what that means. To me it meant suddenly becoming akin to all mankind. It meant understanding my mother, and all mothers, as I never had before. I am sorry Jack has never seen our little girl since we separated. She was such a tiny mite then, and most fathers are not particularly interested in the little red creature until it is a few months old. Now she is so cunning, I am certain he would love her if he saw her."

"In the second place, I was a child when I married Jack and in the time that we were together I became a woman. I hadn't the remotest idea of how to run a house, how to entertain or how to assume any of the duties of a wife. I am not certain that I ever learned a great deal, and, as you know, patience was not one of Jack's cardinal virtues."

"Another thing I shall never cease to be grateful for, as a result of my marriage to Jack, are the many lovely friends to whom he introduced me. They are still my friends and I value them immeasurably. You see I was just getting a foothold in pictures when I met Jack, and my social position was



It had to happen that the covered wagon was bound to be reproduced as something nifty in garden or porch furniture. Betty Furness is glimpsed in this 1934 Barker Brothers model which is equipped with radio, air cushions and a lantern

determined naturally by my professional standing.

"Another splendid thing that marriage did for me was that it developed me emotionally. Prior to my marriage, I occasionally saw a woman on the screen sobbing. It was incomprehensible to me. I didn't see how any woman could feel anything enough to cry over it. I know well enough now. Then, I had never suffered. You see you have to love someone very deeply for him to be able to hurt you much. It's a dear price to pay, but I *should* be a much better actress. Only as we really understand sorrow can we portray it.

"And the next thing I learned from marriage will make you laugh, I know. I believe my father would call it 'spunk.' I was phlegmatic and easy-going and I never really took issue about anything, unless it was terribly important. Now I know that to get anywhere I must stand up for myself. I've learned it's even good to lose my temper occasionally!"

Virginia told me of an aunt of hers who was much opposed to her marrying Jack. When she learned of the engagement, she wrote Virginia, begging her to change her mind, because a marriage with a man who had previously had three wives could never end happily. Virginia was amused and showed the letter to Jack. He rather admired the courage of the lady and in his gallant, impulsive fashion he wired her twenty-five dollars' worth of roses that day. It made a hit with the aunt, and after Virginia and Jack were married she was anxious to visit them and share their happiness. She arrived recently to find their happiness ended. But the aunt still wants to know Jack. She is certain there is something very lovable about him. She will make an effort to see him while she is here, and Virginia will not oppose her.

I find that Virginia's father drives her to her social functions and always calls for her, ever since she left Jack. She leads a busy



Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson were recently married after a whirlwind courtship. Now that hubby has returned to France, Pat will soon follow—to make a foreign film or two before she comes back to Hollywood

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IN PUBLIC

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Any Face Powder

THAT NEEDS REPLACEMENT IN LESS THAN
4 HOURS ISN'T WORTHY OF THE NAME!

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are not a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

By *Lady Esther*

It's this nefarious habit women have of constantly daubing at their noses in public and in private.

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public, on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly peeking into her mirror or daubing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there *was* a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther Face Powder, I ended the bugaboo of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things, not the least

being that it *clings!* By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing re-

placement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes *onto* the skin, but *not* into it.

In other words, while this face powder forms a veil of delicate beauty over the skin, it lets the skin breathe. This not only permits the skin to function, which is essential to true beauty, but it also helps keep the powder intact. This is one reason why Lady Esther Face Powder does not cake or streak on the face.

All 5 Shades FREE

You may have tried all kinds of face powders, but none like Lady Esther. None so soft and smooth. None so adhering. None so flattering. But I don't expect you to accept my word for this. I expect you to prove it to yourself *at my expense!* So I say: Accept a generous supply of all the five shades in which I make Lady Esther Face Powder. Let your mirror prove which one is the most becoming to you. Let your clock prove to you that this powder stays on for four hours or longer and still looks fresh. Mail coupon today. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

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Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. (7)

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Years Younger

Now you can really look years younger and retain your youthful charm and appearance. With a small brush and BROWNTONE, you just tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown, or black.

Over twenty-two years success. Don't experiment. BROWNTONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair—active coloring agent is of vegetable origin. Easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNTONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. No waiting. No disappointments. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need.

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social life, for she has many friends. Among her intimates are Dolores Del Rio, Sandra Shaw, Mrs. Donald Ogden Stuart and Countess di Frasso.

We spoke of Jack's contract at Columbia and I remarked on how unfortunate it was that he had been sick so much and held up the picture. She was furious that the papers did not explain fully that Jack had injured his ankle in one of the early scenes and had not been able to walk since. By further questioning, I learned that Virginia had kept in touch with some of his friends, and so knew of Jack's condition. I wondered why she didn't go to see him.

No Woman Can Make Jack Happy

"I WOULD have gone in a minute, if he wanted me," she replied quietly. "I would go any minute if I could make him happy. But I can't. I don't believe any woman can ever really and truly make Jack happy."

I told her the papers had carried the news that Jack was seen with Sally Blane, occasionally. "Is he really going with her?" she asked, interestedly. "She's one of the very finest girls I know." Then it was that I observed a very striking resemblance between the two girls, an odd shape of the bones of the face that makes them quite alike.

As I talked with this self-contained girl, I felt that I was seeing a living tragedy. Hers is a love so deep that she cannot possibly hide it and even admits it to her intimates. And Jack has been known to remark to his friends that he doesn't know what it is all about—that there is no reason on earth why he and Virginia should be separated today. Not a word of censure escapes her lips. The only admission she has ever made to anybody was that Jack's career was more important to him than love.

We don't believe this. We believe that love will always be essential to Jack's career, but we do know he has received many hurts and they have not sweetened his disposition, nor made him believe more in his fellow beings. His is a possessive nature and it may be that he never, completely, trusts any woman. If this is the case he surely forfeits permanent happiness, no matter how much he longs for it. Without knowing any more than outsiders ever know, we are constrained to believe that if Jack really loved Virginia as intensely as she obviously loves him, he would have made any sacrifice to retain that love.

Virginia says: "How can we ever tell when we are right? Don't we have to go through life making decisions and wondering whether or not we made them correctly? There are moments when I think of Jack and his sweetness, the lovely association we had together, and I feel that I should be right back there sharing in everything that touches his life. Then I am brought up with a start and the unpleasant experiences are etched in my memory with such vividness that it all seems like a horrid nightmare. I wish Jack and I might have remained friends, but he would not have it so. Naturally, I could never be indifferent to what touches his life, no matter how widely divergent our lives may become. He is still my baby's father. He is still the man who taught me what love could mean. He is still the man who has been my husband and I refuse ever to think unkindly of him.

"But," she added, "don't go away feeling that I am utterly crushed. My days are filled with joy and usefulness and I expect to find happiness wherever I am. How could I feel my marriage was a failure, when it gave me the greatest joy of my life and stirred my deepest emotions. I would only call it failure if it had embittered my soul."

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City..... State.....

"I'm Going to Sandpaper Jimmy Cagney's Neck!"

(Continued from page 47)

"Yes, Jimmy, it is!" I replied. "This business of playing one type on the screen year in, year out, has its advantages as long as that type is popular, but when that type goes on the wane, what then? Many a career has been cut off without chance of a comeback, for just this reason. Years ago the public got fed up with languid, voluptuous vamps who did nothing but park on tiger rugs draped in black satin or chiffon, smoking cigarettes in exaggerated holders. The public decided that the new woman-menace was the hot-cha flapper type who could do the charleston, lift her skirts over her knees and lead her man astray with cocktails and boop-a-doop songs. Audiences couldn't imagine Theda Bara or Nita Naldi doing these things, so they went out, along with the Barbara La Marrs and the Aileen Pringles. It was the same with the old idea of villains. The style in villains changed, and so there was a change in the actors who played the part of villains. One crop disappeared and another arrived."

To-day, Jimmy Cagney is anticipating a change in heroes. "It's inevitable," he says. "The history of the stage as well as the movies has always been in cycles. And because of the things this country has been through, the people are going to want their heroes to be constructive, not destructive. The part that Tom Keene played in 'Our Daily Bread' is an example of the new hero. Not that all heroes must face tremendous odds, or that a hero must be so very serious. I will always have comedy in my rôles, but I want Jim Cagney to be clean-cut. Get me?"

We get you, Jimmy, all right . . . but *can* Cagney make the change? Will the public accept him as a gentleman, when for years on the screen he has been such a perfect tough!

"Let's be frank about this, Jimmy . . . what qualifications have you for playing the gentleman? We, who know you, know. But let's tell your fans. They know very little about you personally . . . you seldom get into the headlines in the papers . . . you're



When Bill Powell took recent inventory of his hats he found he had enough to stock a hat store. Bill has a hat for every occasion—some he wears for screen appearances, others for informal or social purposes

Hips rolled away in 20 minutes a day

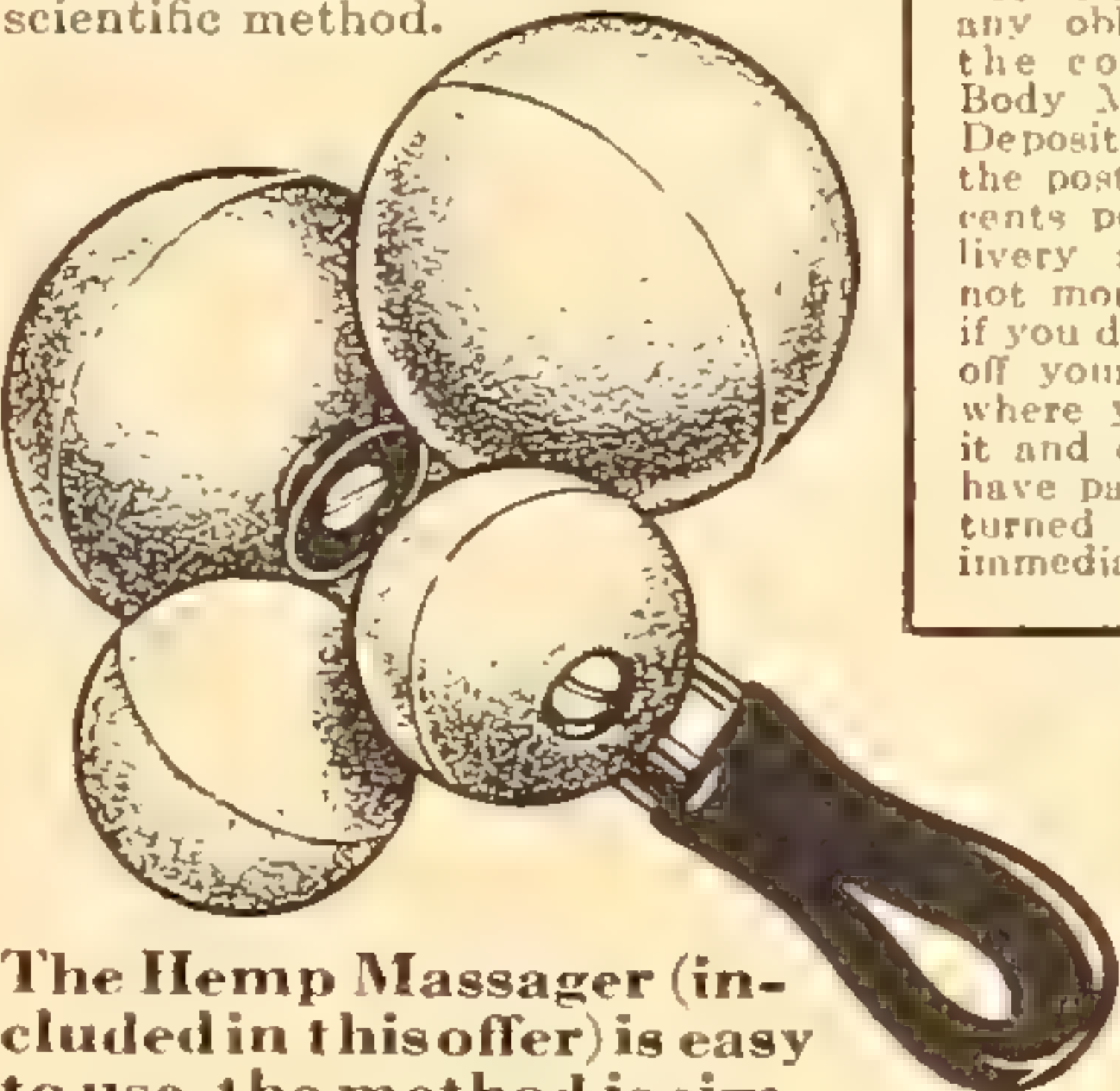
Back come curves—graceful, womanly curves. Once more fashion recognizes a natural girlish, youthful figure as being more beautiful, more **smart** than all the artificial figures she tried to produce. **MOLD** your body to alluring lines. Get rid of unnatural bulging hips—huge unlovely arms and thighs—lose that double chin—do all these **easily**.

In 20 minutes a day you can do all that an expensive masseuse could do for you in many weeks of hammering and pounding. Science has discovered a way—an almost magical method of taking off pounds where pounds **SHOULD** be lost. Fit your figure to the most modish gowns, become a "model" of loveliness and charm.



The Hemp Body Molding Method is **REAL FUN** and **GUARANTEES** reduction where such reduction is most needed. It embodies ancient principles known to the Greeks hundreds of years ago. With new body beauty comes improved health and well being. Complete instructions for reducing both size and weight are included with Mr. Hemp's Patented Miracle Reducer.

Everything is sent at our risk. If you do not take inches off the hips in 10 days, every penny you have paid us will be promptly refunded. No drugs—no diets—no back-breaking exercises—no confining rubber corsets—just a safe, sane, scientific method.



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remote from most of the things that go on in Hollywood—"

Jimmy laughed! "I should think, that, in itself, would prove I'm pretty much of a gentleman! I *don't* get into the tabloid headlines! But seriously, I've never been involved in any sort of scandal, for the simple reason that I stay away from the kind of people who are. I don't give big parties, and I don't go to them! I have a few friends, yes . . . and they're all interesting people. But I don't make friends with these people because I think they're the sort of people to be friendly with, either. I *like* them . . . they're interested in the same sort of things I am. We go to auctions together, which, incidentally is my favorite sport . . . I like to pick up old things, old china, old bric-a-brac, antique furniture, and I love a bargain! We enjoy music together . . . you can find us, at least one night every week at the Hollywood Bowl concerts. I've been studying piano for several years. I sketch too, and I love fine paintings, although 'Bill,' (that's my wife), thinks I spend entirely too much money on them. She says if I must buy so many paintings, why don't I do the best thing and start an art-gallery!"

Cagney paused for a moment, grinned, and then said in a spurt of honest-to-goodness frankness, "This is embarrassing . . . imagine a person having to *say* that he is a gentleman . . . and as if such a statement proved it!"

"Okay, Jimmy, let's leave it at that. I can say a few things about you myself, and I will."

Jimmy, the Gentleman

JIMMY is a gentleman, there's no doubt about that . . . you have only to meet him once to be sure. His voice is cultured, his hospitality, gracious. He never pulls scenes. He is kind, considerate, and not in the least high-hat. Jimmy has a good background. He was a college boy before he became a chorus boy! He dresses simply and in the best of taste. He has been happily married for eleven years, and that, in itself, is not only a gentleman's record, but it may be added that it is also nearly a Hollywood record. And so far as we, in Hollywood, are concerned, Jimmy can become a gentleman on the screen any day he likes, and we'll know it's an authentic portrayal.

"But I can't expect the public to be so quick to change their ideas of me," said Jimmy honestly. "I can't make the change overnight . . . why, if I appeared as the perfect gentleman in my next picture, they'd think it was a gag. It'd be just as foolish for Ed Wynn to try to get away with 'Hamlet' on the radio! No sir! I'm smart enough to know that it has to be done gradually. And I'm taking my first step toward respectability in my next picture. It's like this:

"It's a story called 'The Perfect Weekend' . . . and it's about two bums, myself and Allen Jenkins, who go to the country for a change, and run smack into a milkman's riot, and, of course, we get mixed up in it. Well, you can't have a strike or a riot without a few fights, so I can't give up fighting all at once. But I *am* through taking pokes at people on the screen with my fists. So what do I do? I offered this compromise to my producers. I said if Allen Jenkins wants to get into the fight first, and if Jimmy Cagney has to get into it to help his pal out, that's all right. But Jenkins has to start it. Then I said that in the very beginning of the picture I was going to have my hands in splints and say to Jenkins: Listen, you so-and-so, look at these hands of mine. Useless. So keep out of fights, will you, cause I'm not going to be able to help you out of them for a while! There, I have



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registered the thought with the audience that I'm not going to slug people as I did. Of course, Jenkins does get into a fight and I have to help him, but not with my fists. With what then? Why, with my head, of course, and I mean that, literally . . . you know, the old butting business which is a good defensive measure, but not an offensive one! I may go through the picture butting my way out of difficulties with my head, but you won't see me lift my hands against anybody even once! Then, in my *next* picture, I may be able to give up fighting altogether and act like a gentleman, a hundred per cent."

"That's using your head, all right," I replied, "and we don't mean to *butt* with, either, Jimmy!"

Jimmy gives this same sort of careful consideration to every part he plays—he is one of the few actors out here who actually enjoy the work of making pictures . . . the challenge that each and every part is to his imagination and ingenuity. Many of the well-known stars will admit quite frankly that acting for the movies is the duller sort of routine . . . but that's because they just read lines, and don't really give everything they've got to actually live the character they're playing.

Gives a Rôle Everything

JIMMY not only gives everything he's got to a part, but he gives a lot of everybody else to it, too. He never plays a rôle but that he spends days studying the type of person he represents. When he was preparing for "Winner Take All," he spent a week hanging around a training gym where he watched a lot of ham fighters. One man interested him immensely. Everything he said, he said twice, "Have you got a cigarette, buddy, have you got a cigarette, buddy." "Boy, was that a punch, boy, was that a punch!" Jimmy Cagney not only saw that such a mannerism would be unusual for a picture, but that it was true to the type he was to play. In "Winner Take All," practically everything Jimmy said, he said twice, and it wasn't written that way in the script, either!

And when Jimmy was making "Jimmy the Gent," nobody suggested that he cut all his hair off and look like an ex-convict. In fact, his producers almost cried when he appeared on the lot, shorn to the gills. "Jimmy, Jimmy, what have you done!" They wailed and moaned. "Oh, Jimmy, you've ruined the picture! We'll have to send you away! What would your fans think! Oh, Jimmy, how could you go to sleep in a barber's chair!"

"But it wasn't the barber's fault," said Jimmy, smiling. "I had to give him two dollars extra to get him to do it, even. It's the part. Don't you know that a man like *Jimmy the Gent* would naturally have his hair cut like this! Come on, let's get started, before even a quarter-inch of that hair grows back!"

And so Jimmy did the first scenes of the picture with his hair shaved off like a convict. Which proves a couple of interesting things. First of all, that Jim Cagney, one of the most popular men in films, is *not* conceited. (Imagine some male stars that you and I are both thinking of right this minute appearing before the public with their hair cropped close in prison style! They'd be seen dead first.) Then, second, it proves that Jimmy is an actor above everything else; he'd sacrifice anything to do a part, realistically. He's an actor, not an exhibitionist on parade.

And for this very reason, we venture to predict that you'll like Jimmy just as much as a gentleman as you have as a tough. For when Jimmy finally gets himself all sandpapered up, with the rough edges taken off, he'll be just as good a gentleman as he has been a mug!

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Madame Amelita Galli-Curci: "I am looking forward to another visit to the Ambassador Hotel this Fall. It is one of the most beautiful I know of."

Mr. John Barrymore: "I have always found the Ambassador a delightful place to live and shall be glad to have you say so."

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Hollywood Happenings

(Continued from page 73)

That Clark Gable will be Gloria Swanson's leading man in "Riff-Raff," her first picture for M-G-M. Gloria is now on loan to Fox for "Music in the Air," in which John Boles is also featured. It was Gloria who gave Boles his first screen opportunity.

That Johnny Mack Brown's part has been cut to a bit in the remakes of the new Mae West picture, "Belle of the Nineties," née "It Ain't No Sin." Johnny was the boy who did most of the love-making, and now the love-making is on the cutting-room floor. Love's labor lost, as it were.

They Knew What They Wanted

VISITING British officers, off their ships for a day in Hollywood, were entertained royally by the studios. The party was split up into small groups and each studio entertained a group.

The naval officers in each case were asked what they wanted to do and what they wanted to see. The party at one studio thought it over for a moment before replying, "If you don't mind, we should like to see the new Mae West picture—that is, the original version."

This request was made at M-G-M. Mae West is a Paramount star.

Ted Healy's Good News

TED HEALY had a lion cub given him some time ago. As time went on, the cub continued to grow until it became a good-sized lion and very playful, too. Everyone except Healy was afraid of it. So he decided to sell it.

But no one would buy. Then he tried to give it away. No one would accept it, not even Healy's Stooges. Perhaps there is a limit to the stooging of a stooge. There was nothing left to do except to send the lion to a farm and pay for its keep. Thus Healy, some months ago, sent it to Gay's Lion Farm while he kept on trying to dispose of the beast.

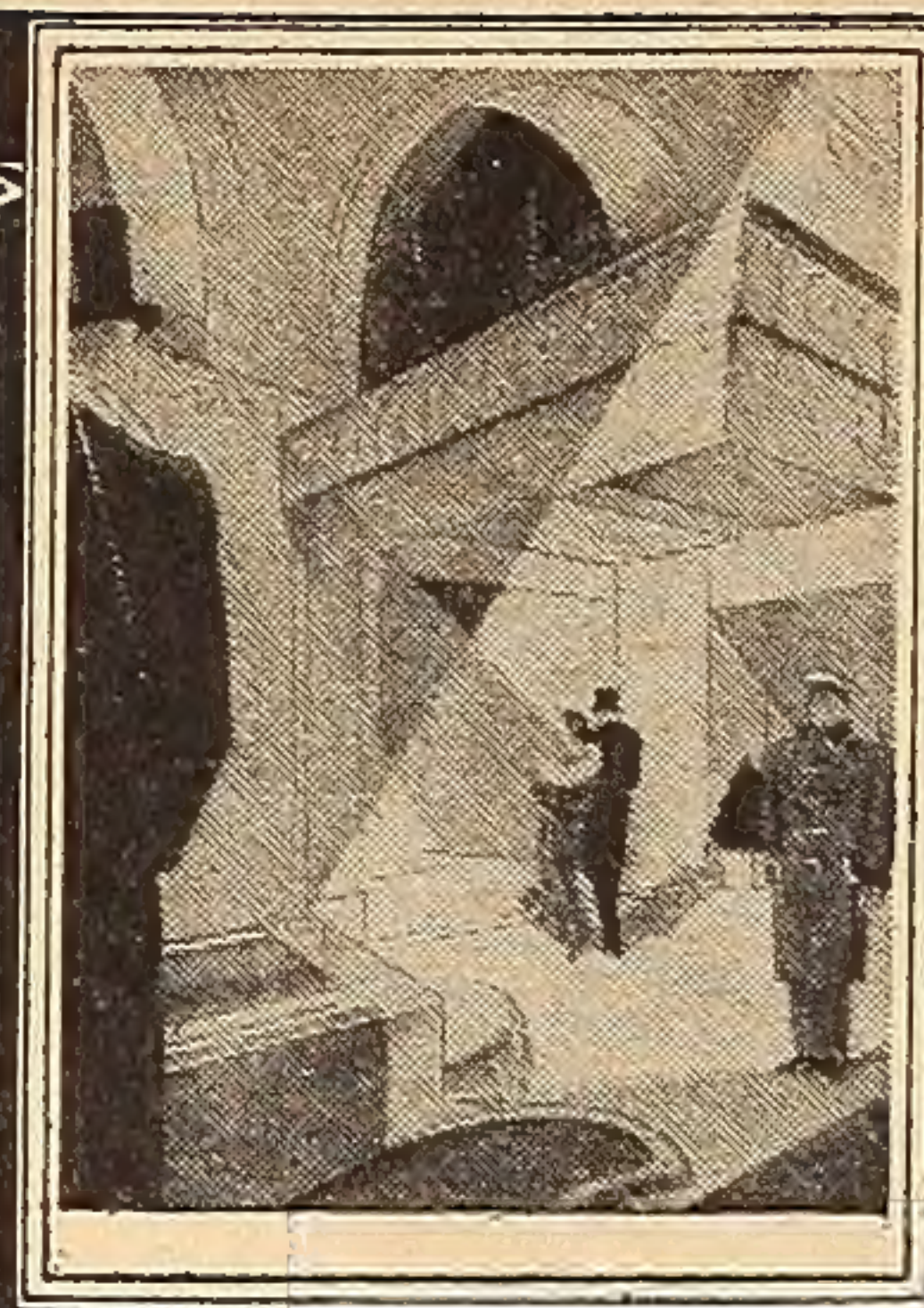
The other day, he received a call from Gay's. The lion farm had good news for him. Healy's lion had just had a litter of cubs.

They Can't Lose

ANITA LOUISE and Tom Brown have posted a thousand dollars each, to be forfeited if they marry one another before five years. But as each will win the thousand from the other, neither can lose. Yet none of the columnists seem to be hep to the gag.



Steffi Duna, like all good people who come to Hollywood to stay, has taken a home—and there's where you'll find her when the day's chores are over



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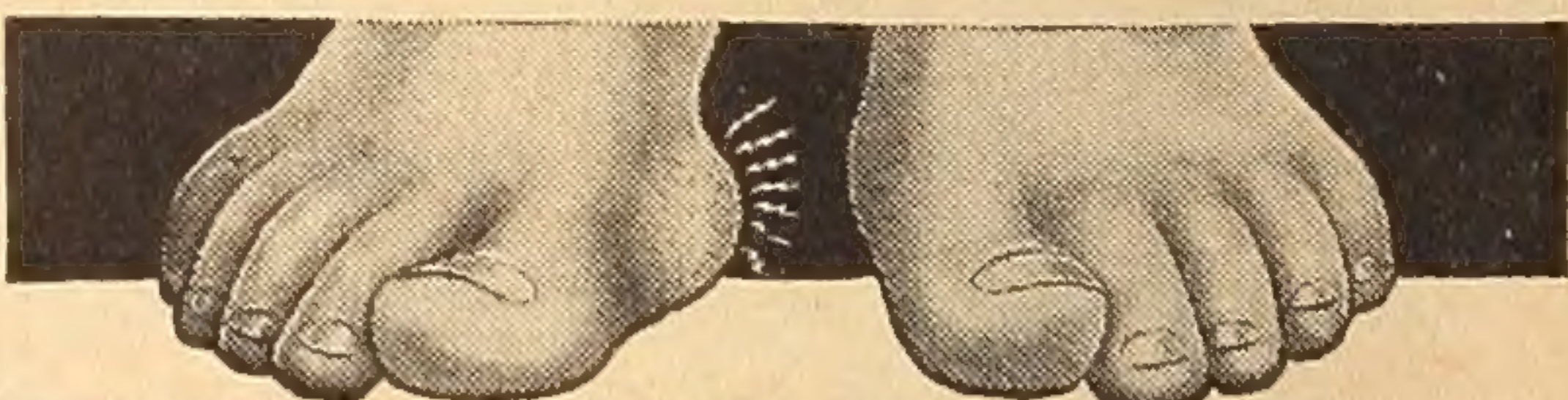


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